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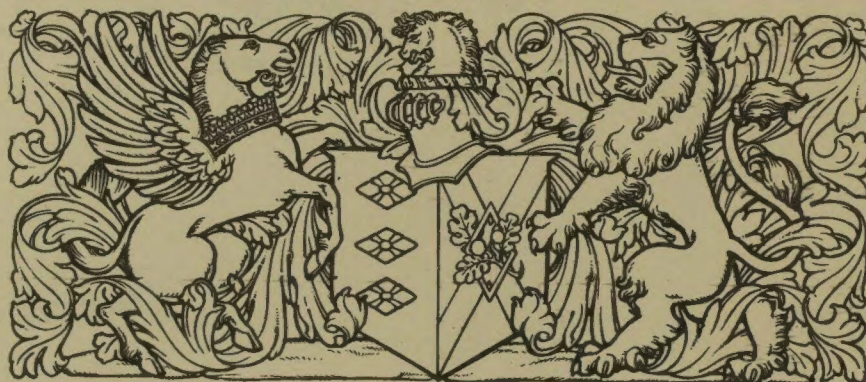
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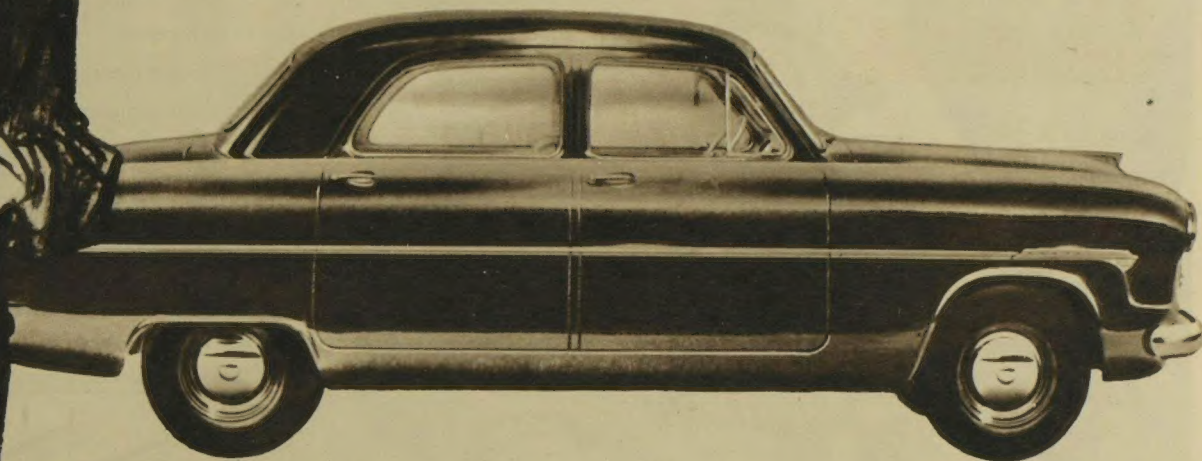
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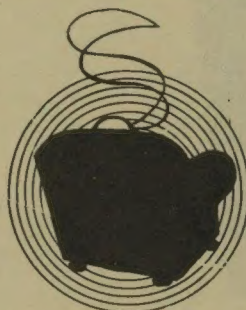
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living

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1954.



A UNIQUE DISCOVERY FROM A MYCENÆAN ROYAL TOMB: THE ROCK CRYSTAL CUP (SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE) WITH DUCK'S-HEAD HANDLE (ENLARGED), FOUND IN THE "CRYSTAL GRAVE" OF A PRE-HOMERIC PRINCESS, c. 1600 B.C.

During 1952 and 1953 Dr. J. Papadimitriou, the Ephor of Antiquities of Attica and the Argolid, has been excavating a grave-circle at Mycenæ, near to, and contemporary with, that which Schliemann excavated some seventy-eight years ago. The eighteen tombs so far excavated are of the greatest interest, and the objects found in them of great beauty and richness, including articles of gold, silver, bronze, ivory, crystal and precious stones; and these discoveries will be described and fully illustrated by Dr. Papadimitriou in articles which will shortly appear in *The Illustrated London News*. The most remarkable object discovered is, however, the rock crystal cup which we illustrate here; and Dr. Papadimitriou describes this as "a rock crystal bowl in the shape of a duck, carved with great

skill, having the head with the neck gracefully bent as the handle of the bowl and its tail as the lip. No similar work of art has ever been found on the Greek mainland or in Crete. Only in Egypt or in Asia Minor can we find perhaps similar precious vases. It is amazing how the artist obtained this unusually large piece of crystal (15 cms or 5½ ins.) and was able to carve it in such a marvellous way." The tomb in which it was found has been named *Omicron* and is often, in consequence, called the "Crystal Grave." The principal skeleton in it was of a young woman and, judging from the richness of the gold and gems with which her body was adorned, it seems certain that she was a princess of a royal house of Mycenæ, older than Homer's "House of Atreus," and flourishing some 3600 years ago.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A FASCINATING correspondence has been going on in *The Times*—even more escapist and fantastically remote from the world of great affairs than one I started some years ago about the dependability of post-war braces—as to whether at fashionable dances in the good old days, when we were all very young, it was the thing or not to have programmes. A very grand lady of the *ancien régime*—I can still recall her standing at the top of a staircase at a dance, more than thirty years ago, receiving the guests with a grace and dignity which even then belonged to a world which had vanished—wrote to point out that at well-conducted dances in her day programmes were not entertained. They may have existed, but, if they did so, it was in quarters outside the pale of the politest society. On which another lady wrote to point out that she had in her possession a programme used at the Duke of Marlborough's coming-of-age ball at Blenheim on October 1, 1893—she even cited its measurements—covered in gold watered silk with the Marlborough coat-of-arms in the centre. "Can this," she asked, "be considered 'middle-class'?" Up to the time of writing there has been no reply, and I am rather afraid that the correspondence must have closed. So far as anyone so pathetically low in the scale of social precedence as I and so comparatively young can contribute anything of value to such

an erudite discussion—and my memories of peacetime, grown-up dances only go back to the aftermath of World War I.—programmes in my remembrance were never then seen at the sort of dances which snobbish young men most liked to be asked to. If anyone at this point observes how monstrous that the young men of the day should have been snobs, I can only reply that, so far as my observation goes, nine out of ten young men, at all times and in all societies, are snobs of a kind, though about widely differing things. In those days, people outside the *avant garde* were still snobs about duchesses and tailors, guns, horses and fishing-rods; now they are snobs about film-stars and Communism, Mr. Benjamin Britten and ballet-dancing. It isn't the game, it's the sport that counts. And if in those faraway days, though personally of no social consequence at all, I found myself at a dance where programmes with little bits of pencil hanging from them on strings were handed to the guests, I felt almost ashamed to find myself the possessor of such a sensible and convenient piece of equipment. At country dances, particularly in the remoter shires, this kind of thing did in fact happen quite often and, fresh from the ball-rooms of the Metropolis, one did one's best, rather like a polite young progressive of to-day listening to his aunt reading *de la Mare*, to conceal one's

awareness that one's pretty partners and their mothers were ignorant of what was done or not done in the drawing-rooms of Mayfair and Belgrave. Actually, of course, the absence of programmes was extremely inconvenient; young ladies, approached for a dance, used to say "missing three," or, if they were very sought after, or oneself a very poor and clumsy dancer—as I was—"missing seven." And as, particularly as the evening wore on, encores were frequent and it was sometimes impossible to tell when a new dance had started, this led to a great deal of confusion and, on occasion, to very embarrassing situations. Having a poor memory and small talent for arithmetic I used, in a furtive way when no one was looking, to enter surreptitiously on the back of a scrap of paper in my pocket, the name and promised dance-number of any young lady in whose arms I particularly wished to walk or shuffle—for the dances were so well attended that one could never do more than that—round the crowded room. Yet, incredible though it seems to me now, for a year or two these programmes and almost danceless dances played quite an important part in my life. I liked to be asked to plenty of them; and felt hurt—neglected and utterly out of the swim—if during the summer months I was not asked to at least one a night. If one was asked to four or five in a single evening—and such was the dearth of bachelors in London at the time that this sometimes happened—one felt one had really accomplished something worth while. It was rather like collecting stamps or butterflies at an earlier stage of life, or first editions at a later one. At twenty-three one collected dances. Which in my case was all the more curious because neither before nor since have I ever felt the slightest liking for either dancing or well-attended parties. When I was a little boy they made me utterly miserable. I used to brood over the thought of going to them, for they

took me away from my toys and the imaginary world in which I lived, and when I got there I always used to fall in love—usually with some precocious but glittering little vision in lace and tulle, now, like me, well advanced in her fifties and probably perpetually bent over the scullery sink, poor love (for Cinderella in our century has for many been played backwards!)—and afterwards remain miserably in love with her for days and sometimes weeks. My mother and nurses knew nothing of this internal agony, for, like the gentleman in Blake's poem, I never sought to tell my love! The fact that I wore much less expensive clothes than most of the other children I met at these functions also worried me; I should have liked, for instance, to have possessed satin knickerbockers, then much in vogue for young gentlemen of six or seven, but never, so far as I can recall, had any. One juvenile ball in particular, of a recurrent and seasonal nature—I believe it is still held—sticks in my memory for the apprehension it always caused in me and the haunting regularity with which, despite the delicious food served at it, it used to plunge me into love with some new and unapproachable enchantress, never to be seen again. It was held at the Mansion House, shortly after Christmas, and attended by those of nursery age in fancy dress. There was a fearful formality in the middle of it, when all the children were marshalled by

ushers into a procession and subsequently marched by the Lord Mayor, to whom each child, like a *débutante* at Buckingham Palace, was formally presented. On one occasion, I remember, I went in Chinese costume—a real one sent home from Hong Kong—after being well briefed in the modes and manners of the Chinese. It is, or was, for I dare say China's present rulers have changed all that, *de rigueur* for a really polite Chinaman, when greeting a fellow-Chinaman of superior rank to bow first and, however many times the bow was returned by Authority, to bow last. When, therefore, I reached my exposed station before the Lord Mayor, I bowed—so low that my pigtail fell over my head—and when, to my delight, that kindly and resplendent magistrate bowed back, I bowed again. This competition in Oriental politeness between the holder of London's civic chair and my small self continued for what I suppose must have been about ten seconds but seemed to me eternity, until, still grimly bowing, I was seized by an usher and carried away to my place in the now fast-vanishing procession.

So much for the fashions and pleasures that are the passing toys of our existence; they change from age to age, yet are always in reality the same. When I was twenty-three or thereabouts, it was dances, without programmes, that delighted me;

when I was eight or nine it was toy soldiers, of which I possessed as large an army—several thousand strong and all in brilliant uniforms—as any lucky little boy can ever have had. My parents were not rich, but—in those days one could buy a dozen splendid lead soldiers for tenpence—they indulged this hobby of mine with the utmost generosity; I had as many as would fill an entire nursery floor. Later, the fashion of my enthusiasm changed to cricket; I wanted to bat like C. B. Fry and bowl like Barnes, and spent hours poring over imaginary games and building day-dreams about how many of my small contemporaries in our not very distinguished cricketing house at school—this was before 1914 made such dances even more unreal than before—would one day play at Lord's. And, later, other enthusiasms, none of them ever fully realised, yet all absorbing me for a time, took the place of these youthful ones: climbing mountains and writing poetry, politics and buying old furniture at auction sales, transcribing seventeenth-century manuscripts and producing pageants. In recent years, with a widening waist-line and an ever more hairless skyline, I have developed an enthusiasm for planting beeches and breeding cows. Perhaps in old age I shall acquire a new mania, equally absurd and equally, though absorbingly, unattainable in its goal of imagined perfection. What I suspect I should then like most of all—and this at least I know I shall never attain—is a cellar of great wine to share with my friends by the fireside: of the bottled sunshine of all the vanished summers of my life—a bin, shall we say, of Château Lafite—subtlet and most delicate of all the lovely wines of Aquitaine—and of some noble Burgundy, La Tâche or Romanée Conti, with a Montrachet Marquis de Laguiche to precede it, from each of the great vintages of the century to make a man recapture time and, at the end of all, transcend it.

THE NEW ZEALAND 1954 EXPEDITION TO THE HIMALAYAS.



FIVE OF THE PARTY OF TEN WHO WILL TACKLE BARUNTSE, CHAMLANG AND AMADABLAM, THE THREE DOMINANT PEAKS OF THE BARUN AND HONGU, HIMALAYAS: MR. W. B. BEAVEN, SIR EDMUND HILLARY, MR. GEOFF HARROW (SEATED); L. TO R., AND (STANDING), MR. NORMAN HARDIE AND DR. MICHAEL BALL.

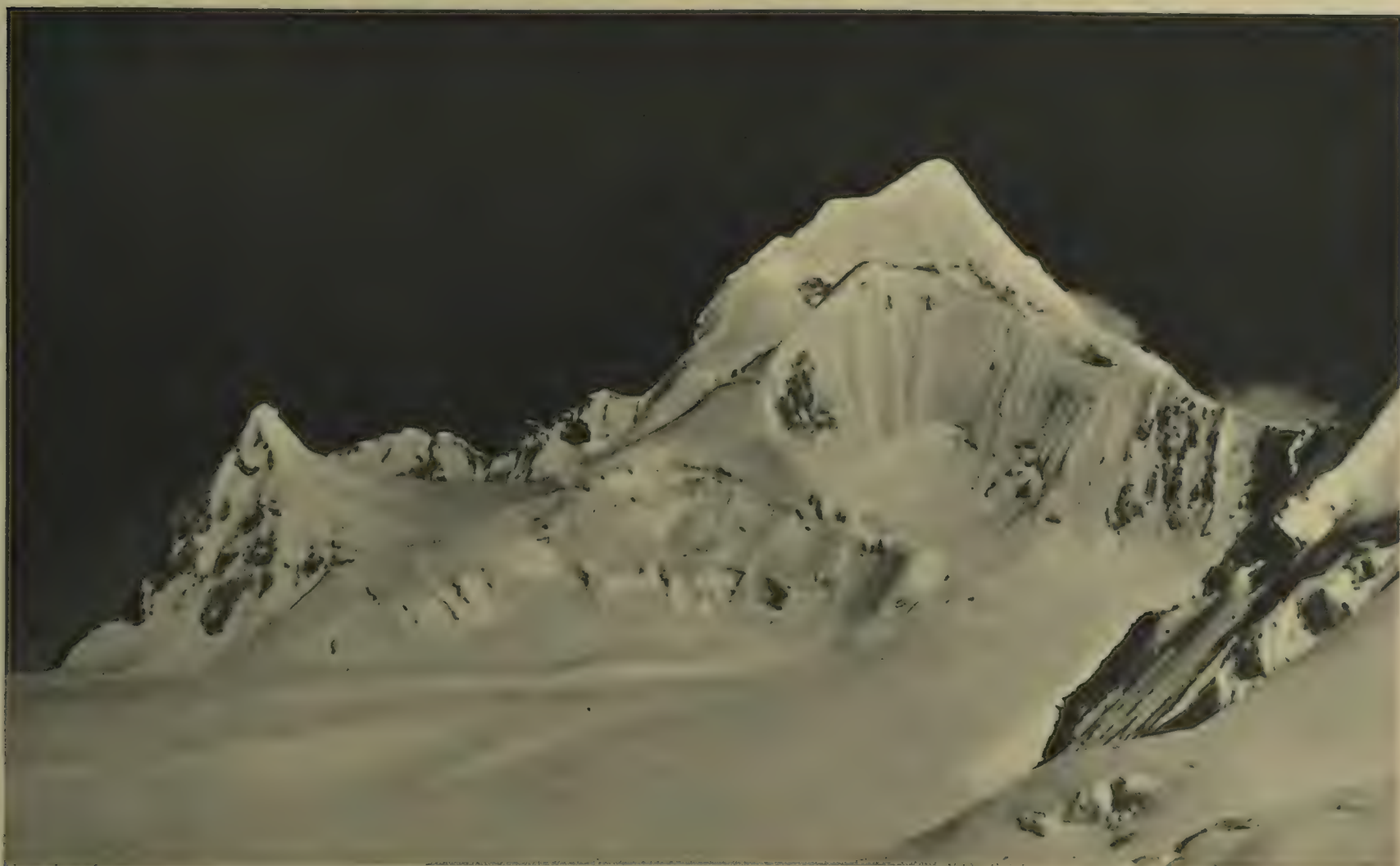
The 1954 Expedition to the Himalayas, organised by the New Zealand Alpine Club, is due to gather on March 25 at Jogban on the Indo-Nepalese border and will meet twenty of their old friends, the Sherpas, under Dawa Tensing. It has for its objective a mountain exploration expedition to the Barun Valley, which was visited by Mr. Eric Shipton, Mr. Charles Evans, Mr. George Lowe and Sir Edmund (then Mr.) Hillary in 1952, who then decided it was "the perfect area for climbing and exploration." The first period of one month, during which the party will divide into three groups, will be spent in exploring, mapping and climbing; and the whole expedition, all members thoroughly acclimatised and fit, will then meet in the Barun and tackle the major objectives of the expedition, Baruntse (23,800 ft.), Chamlang (24,012 ft.) and Amadablam (22,300 ft.), the three dominant peaks of the Barun and Hongu, all extremely formidable in appearance. The party consists of Sir Edmund Hillary, conqueror of Everest; Mr. Charles Evans and Mr. George Lowe, who were also on Everest last year; Dr. Michael Ball, an Englishman with a fine Alpine record; Mr. Norman Hardie and Mr. "Bill" Beaven, engineering graduates; and Mr. Jim McFarlane, Mr. Geoff Harrow, Mr. Colin Todd and Mr. Brian Wilkins, climbers with outstanding records in the New Zealand Alps, who will be going direct to Nepal from New Zealand.

Photograph by arrangement with "The Times."

VIRGIN HIMALAYAN PEAKS: TO BE ASSAULTED BY A NEW EXPEDITION.

THE Mount Everest Expedition was recorded dramatically for our readers; they will, by a similar arrangement with *The Times*, be able to follow the New Zealand Alpine Club Expedition to the Barun, to tackle Baruntse, Chamlang and Amadablam, virgin Himalayan peaks. Writing in *The Times*, Sir Edmund Hillary (shown on another page with four members of the party) described how in 1951 he and Mr. Eric Shipton descended into the glaciated Hongu Valley; and in 1952 did further exploration, with Mr. Evans and Mr. Lowe, in the Barun. The 1954 expedition is "an attempt to carry on the work and traditions of the Everest team," and has had the full advice and co-operation of Sir John Hunt and his companions, together with much assistance from the Himalayan Committee of the Royal Geographical Society and the Alpine Club. When Baruntse was examined in 1952 "the only possible route seemed to be up a very steep ridge which sweeps in one magnificent ice-fluted crest to the summit." Amadablam's great ice-sheathed rock precipices and saw-toothed ridges were familiar and forbidding sights to the Everest expedition and seemed impossible to climb, but from the Hongu Sir Edmund noticed a possibility of a route.

(RIGHT.) THE MOST DIFFICULT OBJECTIVE OF THE 1954 NEW ZEALAND HIMALAYAN EXPEDITION: AMADABLAM (22,300 FT.), WITH ITS ICE-SHEATHED ROCK PRECIPICES.



"A WONDERFUL ICE SPIRE," WHICH SIR EDMUND HILLARY AND HIS PARTY HOPE TO ASSAULT: BARUNTSE (23,200 FT.), WHICH WILL DEMAND "A VERY HIGH STANDARD OF ICEMANSHIP."

Extracts, by arrangement with "The Times"; Photographs, copyright of the Royal Geographical Society.

THE ROYAL TOUR: H.M. THE QUEEN AND SOME ENGAGEMENTS DURING THEIR VISIT



ON THE STEPS OF THE ANZAC MEMORIAL IN HYDE PARK, SYDNEY: H.M. THE QUEEN, WHO LATER, WITH THE DUKE, REVIEWS A PARADE OF 100,000 EX-SERVICE MEN.



SYDNEY'S MEMORIAL TO THEIR LATE MAJESTIES KING GEORGE V. AND KING GEORGE VI.: THE BEAUTIFUL SUNKEN GARDEN AND FLOWER-CROUNDED POOL, IN HYDE PARK.



ARRIVING AT THE TIVOLI THEATRE IN SYDNEY FOR A COMMAND PERFORMANCE: HER MAJESTY, WEARING MAGNIFICENT JEWELS AND AN EVENING DRESS WITH A FLORAL DESIGN.



(ABOVE.) A GLITTERING OCCASION: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH SITTING ON A Dais IN THE TOWN HALL, SYDNEY, DURING THE LORD MAYOR'S BALL.



INSPECTING MEMBERS OF THE SURF LIFE-SAVING ORGANISATION: THE QUEEN ON BONDI BEACH DURING A SURF CARNIVAL ON FEBRUARY 6.

THE QUEEN and the Duke of Edinburgh spent the first days of their tour of Australia, where they arrived on February 3, in Sydney, the capital of New South Wales. The city was in carnival mood and the enthusiasm was so great that on February 5 the Minister in charge of the Royal Tour, Mr. Harrison had to appeal to the people to show more consideration for the Royal visitors. His plea came at the end of a crowded day of engagements in the course of which the Queen and the Duke attended a great rally of ex-Servicemen at the Anzac Memorial in Hyde Park, where, for the first time during the tour the Duke of Edinburgh replied on behalf of the Queen to the address of welcome. But the day was primarily a children's day and at four assembly points

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN SYDNEY, TO THE CAPITAL OF NEW SOUTH WALES.



AFTER OPENING THE BRONZE GATES TO SANDRINGHAM GARDENS, IN HYDE PARK: THE QUEEN, ESCORTED BY MR. O'SULLIVAN (THE N.S.W. MINISTER FOR HEALTH), LOOKING AT THE SUNKEN GARDEN.



JUST AFTER THE INSPECTION BY THE QUEEN: THE POOL OF REMEMBRANCE IN HYDE PARK, SHOWING THE CROWD, INCLUDING MANY CHILDREN, PREPARING TO LEAVE, AFTER THE DEPARTURE OF THE ROYAL VISITORS.



LEAVING ST. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL AFTER ATTENDING DIVINE SERVICE: H.M. THE QUEEN, ESCORTED BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF SYDNEY, AND FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

150,000 children were given pride of place to welcome the Royal visitors. In the afternoon, crowds estimated at nearly one million delayed the progress of the Royal car along the nine-mile route to the Repatriation Hospital at Concord. On the following day, February 6, the Queen held an investiture at Government House, visited an ex-Servicemen's organisation that cares for war orphans, and went to the races at Randwick. The highlight of the day was a huge surf carnival on Bondi Beach, in which the Queen and the Duke were so interested that they remained for forty minutes beyond their appointed time. They left their seats to tour the beach in a Land-Rover and they inspected members of the surf life-saving clubs; they also saw a demonstration of rescue work.



AT AN INVESTITURE AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE ON FEBRUARY 6: HER MAJESTY BESTOWING THE ACCOLADE OF KNIGHTHOOD ON SIR GARFIELD BARWICK, G.C.



A REGAL AND LOVELY FIGURE IN A DEEP CREAM DRESS ADORNED WITH ROSES: HER MAJESTY ARRIVING AT THE TOWN HALL FOR THE LORD MAYOR'S BALL.



WITH MEMBERS OF THE N.S.W. TEAM: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH DURING A SURPRISE VISIT TO SYDNEY CRICKET GROUND; STANDING NEXT TO HIM IS KEITH MILLER.



DRIVING PAST MEMBERS OF THE LIFE-SAVING TEAMS DRAWN UP AT THE WATER'S EDGE: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE ON BONDI BEACH IN A LAND-ROVER.



AN EPISODE WHICH DELIGHTED THE PEOPLE OF NEWCASTLE: THE DUKE HOLDING AN UMBRELLA OVER THE QUEEN AS THEY DROVE PAST EX-SERVICEMEN ON THE SPORTS GROUND.



AWAITING THE QUEEN IN NEWCASTLE, N.S.W.: AN AUSTRALIAN SUBALTERN HOLDING TWO UMBRELLAS WHICH WERE USED LATER TO SHIELD THE QUEEN FROM THE RAIN.



—IN DUBBO, TO WHICH THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE FLEW ON FEBRUARY 10: A SMALL GIRL CURTSEYING TO HER MAJESTY AFTER PRESENTING A BOUQUET.



INSPECTING AN UNUSUAL GUARD OF HONOUR MOUNTED BY PRIZE RAMS AND EWES: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT DUBBO.



LOOKING AT THE WOOL EXHIBIT AT THE AGRICULTURAL SHOW: H.M. THE QUEEN AT DUBBO, WHERE SHE WAS WELCOMED BY SOME 60,000 PEOPLE.



SMILES FROM HER MAJESTY AND A WAVE FROM THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: THE ROYAL VISITORS AT A CIVIC RECEPTION IN CARRINGTON PARK, CASINO.



AT THE BROKEN HILL IRON AND STEEL WORKS IN NEWCASTLE: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH BEING SHOWN ROUND BY MR. SYNE, THE CHAIRMAN OF THE DIRECTORS.

THE ROYAL TOUR OF AUSTRALIA: SCENES IN NEWCASTLE, CASINO AND DUBBO, NEW SOUTH WALES.

On February 9 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visited Newcastle, the second city of New South Wales and a big industrial centre. Despite the rain, which fell heavily at times, almost the entire population of Newcastle were in the streets to welcome the Royal visitors. The Queen and the Duke made a forty-minute tour of the Broken Hill iron and steel works, one of the largest in the Commonwealth outside Britain. The crowds were delighted by the way in which the Royal visitors ignored the rain, the Duke of Edinburgh holding an umbrella

over the Queen's head when they attended a rally of ex-Servicemen. Before leaving, her Majesty and the Duke reviewed an assembly of 40,000 schoolchildren. From Newcastle the Queen and her husband flew to Lismore, where they spent the night. On the following day, February 10, after a reception and presentations, they visited Casino before flying to Dubbo, a rich sheep-raising centre, where the rain gave way to fine weather before their arrival. At Dubbo the Queen and the Duke fulfilled a number of engagements before flying back to Sydney.



(ABOVE.) THE QUEEN OPENING THE AUSTRALIAN PARLIAMENT AT CANBERRA WITH, ON HER LEFT HAND, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH. (BELOW.) HER MAJESTY IN HER CORONATION DRESS AND WEARING A DIAMOND TIARA, ENTERING PARLIAMENT HOUSE WITH MR. MENZIES, THE AUSTRALIAN PREMIER. (Photographs by Radio.)

HER MAJESTY OPENS THE AUSTRALIAN FEDERAL PARLIAMENT—THE FIRST TIME THAT THIS CEREMONY HAS EVER BEEN PERFORMED BY A REIGNING MONARCH.

On February 15, at Canberra, on a dull and showery day, her Majesty the Queen opened the Federal Parliament of Australia—a beautiful, historic and unique occasion, since this is the first time that this ceremony has ever been performed by the Sovereign in Australia. Her Majesty wore the richly embroidered Coronation gown, a diamond tiara, and the blue riband and star of the Garter; and she was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, in the tropical uniform of Admiral of the Fleet and wearing the collar of the

Garter. In her Speech from the Throne, the Queen reminded the Members of both Houses that she came not as a Queen from far away, but as their Queen and a part of their Parliament. "In a real sense," she said, "you are here as my colleagues, friends and advisers." The Queen's Speech made a profound impression; and, later, in the House of Representatives, Mr. Menzies said that it was a signal for the most moving and enduring unanimity that the Federal Parliament had ever seen. "We are," he said, "all Queen's men."

AN ÆSTHETIC PILGRIMAGE THROUGH SICILY.

"THE GOLDEN HONEYCOMB"; By VINCENT CRONIN.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"THERE are," said Kipling, though I'm not quite sure that I have the number right, "nine-and-ninety ways of constructing tribal lays, And every single one of them is right." There are also many ways of writing travel-books, and each of them can produce entertaining and instructive results. Mr. Cronin's book—the first, and astonishingly mature, work of a young author—is an uncommon example of an uncommon kind. It records an æsthetic pilgrimage, through time and space, in one rich island, Sicily. And the title gives a clue (after we know what it means!) to the system on which it is conceived and written.



ONE OF THE "TWO UNDISPUTED MASTERPIECES OF PAINTING IN SICILY, BOTH AT PALERMO": THE "ANNUNCIATION" BY ANTONELLO DA MESSINA, OF WHICH MR. CRONIN SAYS "THE WORK IS A SMALL WOODEN PANEL DEPICTING WITH THE UTMOST SIMPLICITY A SINGLE FIGURE: INDEED, THIS PERHAPS IS THE SECRET OF ITS GREATNESS, FOR NOTHING, NEITHER SUBSIDIARY FIGURES, NOR FURNISHINGS NOR FINE CLOTHES NOR BACKGROUND, STANDS BETWEEN US AND THE MOTHER OF GOD."

Illustrations from the book "The Golden Honeycomb"; by Courtesy of the publisher, Rupert Hart-Davis.

In a sense, of course, Sicily obviously is a golden honeycomb: full of treasures for the wandering bee. People after people have invaded it, settled in it, ruled it, adorned it, and left their tombs and their temples, their paintings and carvings, their customs and legends, and fragments of their languages behind them. The image can't be taken too literally; the cells of a real honeycomb are symmetrical and their contents homogeneous: the cells of Mr. Cronin's honeycomb are of all shapes and sizes and their sweets provide "fine, confused, feeding." Mr. Cronin's "honeycomb" does not solidly conform to the metaphor; it is phantasmagoric, constantly changing form, substance and locality. It is a legendary and symbolical honeycomb: and he has adopted the honeycomb as a sort of Grail merely in order that he should have a plan for surveying the sempiternal, crowded, variegated, jostling—but under that golden sun, amid that green vegetation, surrounded by that intensely blue sea, magically unified—riches of Sicily. This legendary Grail Honeycomb he gets from Dædalus.

Dædalus is a mythical person; but like most mythical persons he was probably, originally, a man. Oral tradition altered, embroidered, magnified in early days; but it usually had a basis. King Arthur may not have so closely resembled the Prince Consort as Tennyson supposed; but, in those dim centuries between the retreat of the Roman legions and the return of St. Augustine with his monks, some such warrior (and his name lingers through Cornwall and Wales to Edinburgh) may have made a last stand against the rolling clouds of paganism. Robin Hood may not have been the Earl of Huntingdon (the heroes, even of popular romance, are usually of high rank), but he probably existed; a man who tried to rectify the balance between the inordinately rich and the pathetically poor. So also Dædalus. "He was," says Mr. Cronin, "the original, primeval craftsman, the first who redeemed man from bare existence.

If inventors are memorable and the arts worthy of esteem, then this discoverer named Dædalus, whose works, Plato says, were touched with divinity, deserves praise in the highest." According to Diodorus—a historian who may yet be as esteemed for accuracy as Herodotus—Dædalus, after being expelled from Minoan Crete with his son Icarus (who travelled by air with him, and died on the way) came to Sicily, constructed many masterpieces and, especially, "fashioned a golden honeycomb, working it with such skill that it was indistinguishable from a real honeycomb. This work of art he gave in offering to Aphrodite of Erice, whose shrine was the most famous in Sicily." He is also reputed (though I don't think Mr. Cronin mentions this) to have made a golden heifer, equally indistinguishable from the real thing, for the same temple. It is the quest for the honeycomb which Mr. Cronin affects to undertake; though he honestly admits that, had it been an actual artefact, somebody would probably have found it—or, it may be, looted it or melted it down—by now. And in his search for it, he begins, quite reasonably, with Erice itself, and its Minoan memories, and then, site by site, city by city, hovers and lands over and on the whole island, describing as he goes a succession of monuments and scenes which illustrate the whole history of the island. There are the primitive rock-tombs; there are the glorious Greek temples of Agrigento and Selinus, the theatres of Syracuse and Taormina, the relics of Romans and Arabs and Normans, the pictures and mosaics of later ages, the Baroque additions, even the monstrous Mussolinian theatre at Palermo. Gently led from place to place, with Mr. Cronin beautifully crooning over a succession of civilisations, and opulent nature, seething modern life and the august abiding presences of the vast living volcano Etna and the fields of Enna, from which Persephone was rapt, I remembered another Dædalian legend. It was Dædalus who built the labyrinth (the prototype of our Hampton Court Maze) for Minos. Theseus was shut up in it; and he only escaped from its convolutions by means of a thread which Ariadne gave him. The reader of this book wanders through the Sicilian maze, obediently led on a thread, or string, by Mr. Cronin. But he is happier than Theseus, for he is evading the jaws of no Minotaur, and the scenery of his maze is so enchanting that he is rather sorry when he gets out of it. Especially as he knows from the beginning, in spite of all the conducting siren's beguilements, that he isn't going to attain anything in particular; that, in fact, the golden honeycomb which has been so temptingly dangled before him is as nebulous as the proverbial wild goose.

However, the journey has been delightful, and the imaginary treasure, hunted through the ages, has given the narrative a shape. The melic quality and colour of Mr. Cronin's meditative prose might be illustrated from almost any of his pages—from any,



"PALERMO AT THE PRESENT DAY IS A CAPITAL CITY AND A PROVINCIAL TOWN, A METROPOLIS AND A VILLAGE, A MODERN COMMERCIAL CENTRE AND AN ORIENTAL BAZAAR SET DOWN BETWEEN THE MOUNTAINS AND THE SEA": A PANORAMA OF PALERMO, SHOWING THE CATHEDRAL, TEATRO MASSIMO AND MONTE PELLEGRINO.

that is, except those in which he takes cursory glimpses at the island's cheerful inhabitants, though even those have a diversity of historic faces and still cherish their painted carts. Here he is on the cave-tombs of Pantalica, 3000 years old: "This city of tombs provides a revelation of the island as it is in its raw, natural state, as it was in the dark age between the founding of the Crétan and the Greek colonies. There is no artistic richness, not even a building above ground to prove that man has raised himself from the earth, only the stark, square openings dedicated to death, cut out of the brute cliff-face. Here is Sicily of the stone age, intent on nothing higher than the taking of food and the burial of its dead. The pageant of

nation after nation which was later to form a continual progress, the gorgeous trappings, the poetry and the palaces have not yet arrived: the stage is bare and empty.

"Empty, that is, of civilisation, of man-made beauty, for all around, in the oranges and flowers and almond-trees, in the majestic lines of the chasm whose heights seem to dam and canalise the sky until it forms the torrent of water hundreds of feet below, throbs a natural, living beauty to be found in few other places of the world. If Pantalica, and Sicily at large,



"INEVITABLE AS AN ARISTOTELIAN SYLLOGISM, YET LITING AS A PINDARIC ODE: IT ALONE STANDS COMPLETE IN A ROW OF RUINS, THE IDEAL TO WHICH ALL THE OTHER, MORE EARTHLY BUILDINGS ARE TRYING TO ATTAIN": THE TEMPLE OF CONCORDIA IN AGRIGENTO.

can boast no indigenous culture, if the island merely provides a theatre for other performers, something in the structure of that theatre, its own natural magnificence has called forth absolute perfection time after time, whatever the particular representation might be. The island possesses an intrinsic, though passive, loveliness which elicits artistic perfection no less surely than the golden sun now opens the wild flowers and turns the oranges into microcosms of itself.

"Artists of all ages have found stimulus in Sicily, have matched its natural exuberance with works no less rich in number and design, have drawn inspiration from its innumerable wild flowers. Like the bees drifting over the hills to steal nectar from the canyon, they have come from afar to turn a natural and variegated beauty into the symmetrical pattern of art, and the honeycomb they formed was the direct result of a fertilising movement among opulent surroundings. Pantalica, by revealing both the open poverty and hidden wealth of the island, casts this light on Dædalus's offering: the honeycomb in gold which he presented to Aphrodite was the work of an alien who drew forth and stored in an enduring form the hidden nectar of Sicily: an initial act of artistry which at the same time fertilised succeeding civilisations.

"Pantalica, therefore, city of crude, brute, indigenous barbarism, points the solution to part of the original legend. Sicily of herself has been unable to build or develop any of the arts, and had Dædalus never set foot in the island, she might well have remained another Corsica or Sardinia, a country of merely natural beauty, without any corresponding artistic achievement. The arts were brought by Dædalus and his followers, the peoples who have successively invaded Sicily."

A few native artists Sicily certainly has produced. About a picture by one of them, Antonello da Messina, Mr. Cronin writes beautifully and with penetration. He might well write a monograph on him. But then he might well write on all sorts of congenial themes. Suppose, for example, he were to go and brood over Visby, in Gotland, or Famagusta, in Cyprus, or the Crusader Castles, or Goa, with its churches in the jungle.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 290 of this issue.



MR. VINCENT CRONIN, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. Vincent Cronin, who was born in 1924, is a son of A. J. Cronin, the well-known author. He was educated at Ampleforth and spent two years at Harvard, and during the war served with the Rifle Brigade. After the war he went to Trinity College, Oxford, graduating in 1947. "The Golden Honeycomb" is his first book, but he is now devoting himself to writing.

* "The Golden Honeycomb." By Vincent Cronin. Illustrated. (Rupert Hart-Davis; 16s.)

THE "PRONE PILOT": A NEW DEVELOPMENT IN BRITISH FIGHTER AIRCRAFT.



THE FIRST BRITISH JET AIRCRAFT TO BE FLOWN BY A PILOT LYING IN A PRONE POSITION: THE "PRONE PILOT METEOR," ADAPTED FROM THE ARMSTRONG WHITWORTH METEOR N.F. II.



WHERE THE PILOT LIES FACE DOWNWARDS: A CLOSE-UP OF THE FORWARD COCKPIT OF THE "PRONE PILOT METEOR." IN SUCH A POSITION THE PILOT OF A HIGH-SPEED AIRCRAFT IS GIVEN PROTECTION AGAINST THE FORCES OF GRAVITY.



A CLOSE-UP OF THE NOSE OF THE ARMSTRONG WHITWORTH METEOR N.F. II. TWO-SEAT NIGHT FIGHTER. IN THE "PRONE PILOT METEOR" THE NOSE HAS BEEN LENGTHENED TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE EXTRA COCKPIT.



THE ARMSTRONG WHITWORTH METEOR N.F. II. TWO-SEAT NIGHT FIGHTER, WITH TWO ROLLS-ROYCE DERWENT TURBOJET ENGINES: THE LONG FUSELAGE NOSE, EXTENDED IN THE "PRONE PILOT METEOR," CONTAINS RADAR EQUIPMENT.

On February 10 the "Prone Pilot Meteor," the first British jet aeroplane to be flown by a pilot lying in a prone position, made her maiden flight. The aeroplane, which is an adapted version of the Armstrong Whitworth Meteor N.F. II. two-seat night fighter, took off from the manufacturer's airfield at Baginton, near Coventry, and, after a 28-minute flight, landed at Bitteswell Airfield, near Rugby. At the controls was Squadron Leader E. Franklin, Armstrong Whitworth's chief test pilot. Great Britain, U.S.A. and other countries have been making experiments in prone piloting for several years, and the "Prone Pilot Meteor" has been

built for further research into this form of flying. She has an extended nose for the prone cockpit, while the Meteor's normal cockpit, from which the machine can also be flown, remains behind. The pilot lies on his stomach with his body, head and elbows supported by shock-absorbing "cushions." In tight turns or steep dives at high speed the gravity forces are so great as to check the normal circulation of the pilot's blood and cause temporary black-outs. A pilot lying prone has been found not to be affected by the forces of gravity to the same extent as the seated pilot.



THE ROYAL TOUR OF AUSTRALIA: SOME EXAMPLES OF THE VARIED AND STRANGE AVIFAUNA

During the Royal tour of Australia, H.M. the Queen may have opportunities of seeing something of the avifauna of the country which is illustrated here by Mr. Neave Parker. If Australia had not been early separated from neighbouring continents, her fauna would have differed little from that of south-east Asia. As it is, her quadrupeds are unlike those of any other part of the world, the nearest resemblance being in the few pouched animals of South America, on the one hand, and those of New Guinea on the other. The seas do not form barriers to birds, so Australia's avifauna is not so exclusive, although it has its special peculiarities.

It may be divided roughly into four groups: archaic birds, the cockatoos, the general run and a few outstanding types. The emu, the bird we associate most closely with Australia, belongs to the first group. Related to the ostriches of Africa, the rheas of South America, the cassowaries of New Guinea and the kiwis and the extinct moas of New Zealand, it is a relic of the time when, it is believed, a vast continent stretched across the southern ocean. The cassowaries are equally ancient, but only one sub-species has a foothold in Australia, the other thirteen being found on the islands to the north. The pied goose is also primitive, but

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER.

OF THE GREAT DOMINION, WHICH CAN BE CLASSIFIED ROUGHLY IN FOUR MAIN GROUPS.

not archaic like the emu. Australia is especially famous for her cockatoos, parrots with conspicuous crests and short legs, as well as the best-known of parakeets, the budgerigars. The third group, that which we have styled the "general run," may have their peculiarities, but they do not differ markedly from the general run of birds elsewhere, the frog-mouth being a close relative of the nightjar, the laughing jackass (kookaburra), a large member of the kingfisher family, and so on. The fourth arbitrary group, the outstanding birds, do compel attention however. The lyre-birds of the south-eastern coastal strip are remarkable

for the range of their song and the beauty of their display, the adornment of the male being less extravagant but no less beautiful than that of the peacock. The bower-birds stand out for the cock's habit of building a bower, a double palisade of sticks decorated with flowers, feathers and shells, wherein the hen takes her station to be courted. The brush turkeys make nesting mounds of leaves in which to lay their eggs, to be incubated by the heat from the decaying vegetation. Successive generations may use the same mound, which grows larger each year, the largest known measuring 140 ft. in circumference.

WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. MAURICE BURTON.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



MISLEADING "THIRD EYE."

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

LYING in the deep fissure between the two cerebral hemispheres of the human brain is a solid body about the size of a cherry-stone. It is the pineal gland, or conarium, both names referring to its supposed resemblance to a pine-cone. In 1650, in "Les Passions de l'Ame," Descartes, the French philosopher, discussed the probable seat of the soul, and came to the conclusion that while the soul was united with the whole body it exercised its control more particularly in a small gland situated in the middle of the brain. Although he did not specifically refer to it as such, there is little doubt that he had the pineal gland in mind. Descartes' reasons for this assumption were simple. All other parts of the brain as well as the external sense-organs, are paired. Our thoughts are single. Therefore the double impressions coming from the paired sense-organs must be united before they reach the soul, and this takes place in the pineal gland.

This part of the story of the pineal gland is well known, and in these days, with the wealth of knowledge derived from many years of the study of comparative anatomy, it sounds too naive. Yet, such was Descartes' eminence, his explanation influenced thought profoundly for a long time. To-day, the pineal body in some form or other is known throughout the vertebrates, usually under the name of *epiphysis cerebri*. It has been the subject of a considerable research, but only within the last century. The evidence suggests that it is the degenerate remains of a second pair of eyes, the parietal eyes, and that these, situated in the top of the head, were functional sense-organs in the ancestral vertebrates. What these ancestral vertebrates were is not known, and their characters are hypothetical, based on the obvious supposition that the first vertebrates, known from their fossils in the Ordovician rocks, laid down nearly 400,000,000 years ago, must have had forerunners, even though we have as yet no direct knowledge of them.

Leydig appears to have been the first to call attention, in 1872, to what he called a parietal sense-organ in lizards and slow-worms. To-day it is particularly associated in our minds with the "living fossil" tuatara of New Zealand. Twelve years after Leydig, Rabl-Rückhard drew attention to the small opening in the parietal region of the skulls of the large fossil reptiles, the ichthyosaurs and plesiosaurs. He suggested that beneath this opening there may have been some form of sense organ. In the succeeding years, comparable organs to those found by Leydig were found in other vertebrates, but in few was there any real evidence of their visual character. De Graaf, for example, studied the epiphysis in frogs and toads, a gland lying outside the skull in the middle of the upper surface of the head, and compared its position with that of the opening in the skulls of the extinct Labyrinthodonts, the ancestral amphibians of the Carboniferous period. Epiphysial structures were found in bony fishes, in sharks, in birds and, especially, in lampreys, living relics of the earliest vertebrates. One of the difficulties in interpreting them was the different appearances they presented in different animals. In the slow-worms, lizards and monitors, the pineal eye has the appearance of an eye, in chameleons it is reduced to a simple vesicle. In other reptiles there is little or no sign of it. In other vertebrates it may be present but even more profoundly altered than in chameleons.

Some of the more striking investigations have been carried out on the pineal eye of the tuatara, the sole survivor of a group of reptiles, the Rhynchocephalia,

going back to the Triassic. It is not the purpose here to deal in detail with these. They are more ably summarised by Dendy in *Science Progress* for October 1907. In that he describes how the pineal eye, the so-called "third eye" of the tuatara arises, as do the real eyes, as outgrowths of the brain of the embryo, how one of the pair atrophies and the other separates off from its nerve-stalk and later develops a secondary connection with the brain. We can read there also

of the structure of this third eye, with its curiously-formed lens and its suggestion of a retina, the whole forming a pin-point of an eye underlying the plug of connective tissue, the parietal plug, lying in a foramen reminiscent of the opening found in the skulls of extinct reptiles and amphibians.

My purpose in dealing with this subject here is that I mentioned the pineal eye of vertebrates in connection with the ocelli of insects two weeks ago on this page. As a result, I have been asked what is the function of this structure in the top of the brain of

the ancient reptile of New Zealand. Gaskell, as long ago as 1890, in a voluminous work, sought to derive the vertebrate anatomy from that of the invertebrates. Much of his theory was far-fetched, and the work as a whole has now little more than an historical value. As to the pineal eye, he saw in this a structure comparable with the simple median eyes, the ocelli, of insects and other arthropods. At that time, however, the use of the ocelli in relation to the polarised light from the sky was not even suspected, so naturally Gaskell did not suggest a similar function for the pineal eye of vertebrates. There was one thing in favour of Gaskell's comparison, nevertheless, that he did imply a very small size for the pineal eye in relation to the lateral functional eyes. Too often the pineal eye is described or discussed in such a way as to give the impression that this "third eye" is quite a large organ—truly a third eye, in fact. When the diagrams given of it are put into their correct proportions and the skull, brain and pineal eye brought together in one diagram instead of in three diagrams of varying dimensions, as is usual, we see it as no more than a pin-point. Clearly it cannot be an organ of sight; and equally clearly it is not an eye in the true sense.

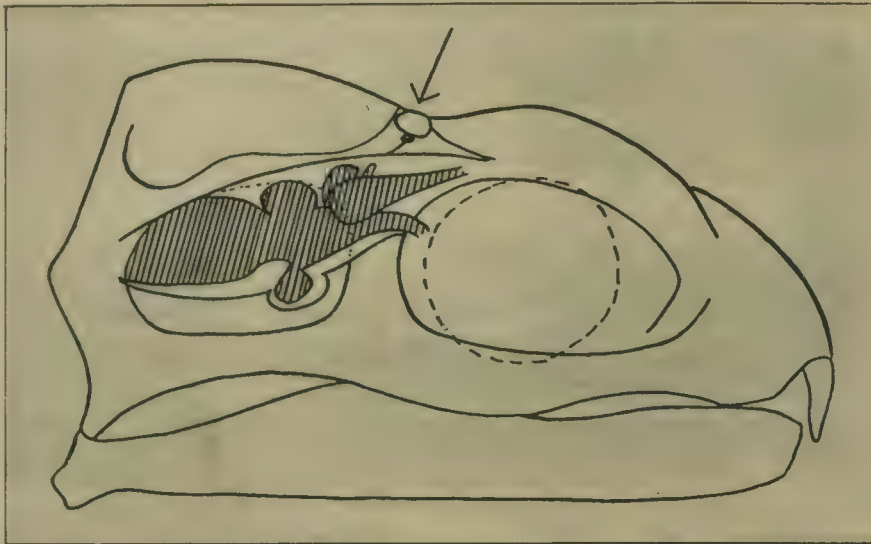
The implications in Gaskell's comparisons may be wholly wrong, but if they give no clue to the real function of this puzzling structure they are no less useful to us than other suggestions made. Descartes' explanation has not been negated by positive evidence and we can only reject the pineal gland as the seat of the soul by an *a priori* ridicule. It is generally conceded that the pineal gland in the human brain has a glandular function; but there is so far no clue as to this function. The function of the *epiphysis cerebri*, wherever it may be found, is equally obscure. It is also generally conceded that an organ so widespread among animals living to-day and also in animals stretching far back in time, must have had an important function. Its persistence, in a modified form, suggests also that it may still have an important function.

Many attempts, by direct experiment or deduction, have been made to find what function the pineal eye of tuatara and others performs. Exhaustive tests leave little doubt that it is not responsive to light, and there is little to show that it is sensitive to changes of illumination. It might, like the ocelli of insects, be sensitive to polarised light, but this at the moment is not proven. In 1884 the suggestion was made that it was a sense-organ which served to warn the reptiles of the past of the intense heat of the tropical sun. A suggestion made in recent years is that the pineal eye of tuatara may absorb heat from the sun to warm the animal's brain. Neither is satisfactory and we can only say with Dendy that "we actually know no more than did Descartes of the function of the pineal gland in the highest vertebrates," or of the pineal eye in tuatara and others, even although we may know more of its wonderful—and puzzling—history.

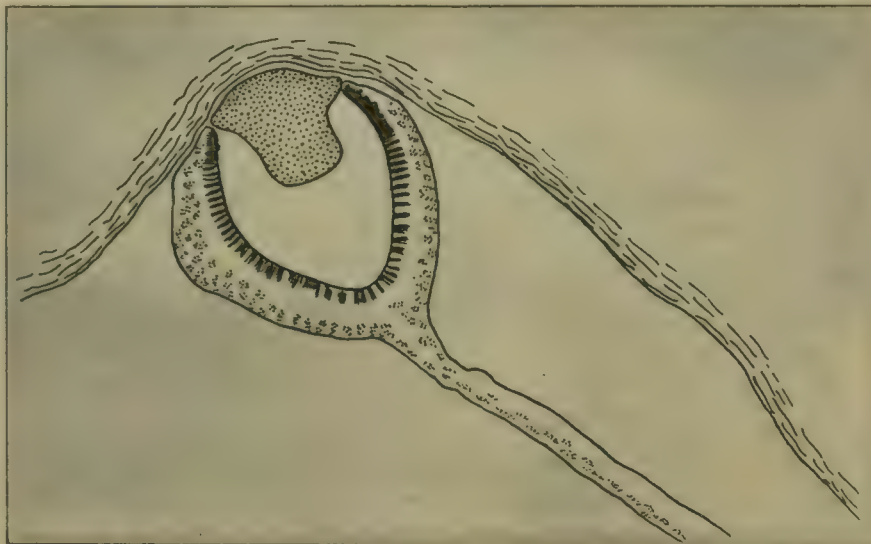


THE SKULL OF TUATARA, SEEN FROM ABOVE, SHOWING THE SMALL OPENING, OR FORAMEN, BENEATH WHICH THE SO-CALLED "THIRD EYE" IS SITUATED.

Photograph by Peter J. Green.



ILLUSTRATING THE RELATIVE SIZES OF THE REAL EYE AND THE "THIRD EYE" OF TUATARA: A DIAGRAM SHOWING THE OUTLINE OF THE SKULL OF TUATARA WITH THE BRAIN (SHADED), AND THE TINY PINEAL EYE UNDERLYING THE PARIETAL PLUG. THE SIZE OF THE LATERAL (THAT IS FUNCTIONAL) EYE IS SHOWN BY THE DOTTED CIRCLE.



A SECTION OF THE PINEAL EYE, SHOWING THE VESTIGIAL LENS AND RETINA AND THE STALK CONNECTING THE "EYE" WITH THE TOP OF THE BRAIN.

Diagrams by Jane Burton from the forthcoming book "Living Fossils," by Maurice Burton, D.Sc., to be published by Thames and Hudson, by whose Courtesy they are reproduced on this page.



WHERE POWER FROM THE NIAGARA RIVER WILL EVENTUALLY PROVIDE 1,828,000 HORSE POWER: A VIEW OF THE NEARLY COMPLETED PENSTOCKS OF THE SIR ADAM BECK NO. 2 ELECTRIC GENERATING STATION, ONTARIO, CANADA.

Pending U.S. agreement on the St. Lawrence Seaway and the development of electric power from the International Rapids near Ottawa, Canada, in her need for electric power has been going ahead with other means of using the power of the St. Lawrence and Niagara Rivers; and the latest generating station, of which we show the penstocks or sluices above, which is to be called the Sir Adam Beck No. 2 generating station, is expected to be able to supply Ontario's growing needs until agreement is reached over the International Rapids project. For the Sir Adam Beck No. 2, water is drawn off the Niagara River, about two miles above

the Canadian Falls, through two intake structures, and passed through two tunnels, $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles long and 45 ft. in diameter, under the town of Niagara Falls at depths of from 300 ft. to 200 ft. Thence it is passed through an open-cut canal, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, to the forebay. Thence it falls through the penstocks shown to the power-house in the gorge below, which is so sited that 295 ft. of the 315 ft. difference in levels between the intakes and the gorge bottom can be used in power production. The project will be officially opened in August this year, and will provide 1,428,000 h.p. by 1956 or 1957, and eventually 1,828,000 h.p.

AFTER the war I wrote a pamphlet in a series on "British Commonwealth Affairs," published by Messrs. Longmans Green and Co., for the Royal Empire Society "to provide a forum for the discussion of current questions relating to the British Commonwealth and Empire." It was entitled "The Question of Defence," and appeared in 1947. I am not recommending it now because, if it retains any interest, this is due chiefly to such light as it may throw upon military ideas at that time. These have undergone a radical change, though I feel that some elements of the originals were sound and may now be in danger of being forgotten. To put it shortly, Commonwealth defence was treated by itself, without reference to outside forces which might be linked with it. The only references to the United States and Soviet Russia pointed out that, in order to provide for the security of their respective "almost self-sufficing land masses," they sought to extend their influence and to seek bases outside them. The problem was, in fact, studied from a point of view which was altering even in the space of time between writing and publication.

The threat to Britain and the Commonwealth rapidly sharpened. The international measures to meet it altered and complicated the shape of defence. The North Atlantic Treaty united Britain with a large group of nations which included only one other member of the Commonwealth, Canada. The end of British India and the rivalry between its divided successors, India and Pakistan, together with the neutral policy of the former, created a great military vacuum. The old Indian Army, which had fought as far afield as Flanders in a great war and had been ever at hand in time of need from the Suez Canal, through the Persian Gulf, to eastern Asia, was no more. The forces of India and Pakistan watched each other closely, and so cancelled each other. The United Kingdom, deeply committed to European Continental, Atlantic, Mediterranean and Middle East defence, found herself in a situation in which she could take only a limited responsibility for Commonwealth defence outside.

Simultaneously defence of the North American continent, previously considered chiefly with reference to Japan, became a problem of another kind and, in view of the range of the latest weapons, a much more urgent one. It naturally brought together the United States and Canada, particularly in consequence of the new necessity for securing the safety of Alaska and concern about "polar defence." The special relations established between the two States in this matter marked a new departure in time of peace for a member of the Commonwealth. Later on, as a kind of insurance on the part of the United States to Australia and New Zealand in return for their taking what they considered to be a certain risk in signing the Japanese Treaty, the Anzus Treaty came into being. It did not include the United Kingdom, a fact which clearly caused dissatisfaction to the British Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill.

These are radical changes indeed. They are governed by factors such as the vastly increased power of the United States and her emergence from her traditional isolation, by her willingness to interlock her power with that of others in various parts of the world, by the willingness of the United Kingdom and other members of the Commonwealth to interlock with her in systems in which the whole Commonwealth is not engaged, most of all by the fact that those zones of defence which I discussed in the pamphlet alluded to have had to be strengthened and a vast new one formed on the European Continent—and that only the United States can supply the power for the purpose. Some opinion in this country attacks them in a spirit of Commonwealth patriotism. Yet they are not inherently vicious and they are generally inevitable.

None the less, they have tendencies unfortunate in some respects, tendencies which may become dangerous psychologically and even materially. They make many people, and these including some of the most intelligent, feel that the Commonwealth has had its day. If what I wrote on defence of the Commonwealth alone has rightly become out of date, it is going a step—several steps—too far to think that Commonwealth defence and interests are something which no longer require to be discussed because they are to such an extent bound up with other schemes and other interests. If we in this country permit the concept of the Commonwealth to fade out we cannot fairly hope that other members will re-create it.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. DEFENCE OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

Though the former European colonies are as much independent nations as we are ourselves, the Commonwealth can survive only while the United Kingdom forms part of it. These nations may survive in default of that, but it will be in other combinations and relationships. The Commonwealth itself will have ceased to exist if that occurs. We should not allow the new associations to blur the old. If the emergency responsible for the former passes, we shall still need the latter.

Writing before the appearance of the White Paper on defence, I cannot elucidate the remark made by Field Marshal Lord Alexander in his speech on January 27, that, "after many months of careful thought and study," the Government had formulated a plan of rearmament to carry us forward "into the

A GREAT PAINTING ACQUIRED FOR THE GERMAN NATION.



"MADONNA WITH SINGING ANGELS AND LILIES"; BY ALESSANDRO FILIPEPI, CALLED SANDRO BOTTICELLI (1447-1510), WHICH HAS BEEN PURCHASED BY THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT OF GERMANY AND THE LÄNDER. Botticelli's "Madonna with Singing Angels and Lilies" has been bought for the nation by the German Federal Government and the Länder, and will not now be sold in the United States. The painting, which belonged to Count Sigismund Raczyński, who formerly owned great estates in Posen, and who now resides in Chile, is considered to be the finest example of Italian art left in Germany. It was lent for exhibition in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, Berlin, by Count Sigismund Raczyński's ancestors, and was on view there for many years. When the possibility of its being sold abroad was mooted, the Federal Government and the Länder, including Berlin, agreed to provide the money to purchase it for the German nation, and paid 1,900,000 marks (some £163,000) for it. The painting is at present at Wiesbaden, but the intention is that it should be returned to Berlin.

years to come." If, however, these words possess their face value, he must have been forecasting a change in strategic policy based on the reactions of military thought to scientific developments in weapons. It is highly desirable that this should be made; in fact, to an outsider it seems overdue. If there are tools of war to-day which beat the speed of sound, the combination of them all is apt to beat the speed of thought. Any such change, if it is to be radical, must involve a remoulding of the pattern of the armed forces; that, in its turn, must involve an adjustment of the shares taken by the three. I predict that the Royal Air Force will receive a larger share than it now gets. And though I have in the past been critical of the claims made by air forces, which have constantly been ahead of their capacities, I consider that this would be right.

In general the Minister of Defence was doubtless thinking of European rather than Commonwealth defence. One other remark in the speech was, however, related to this subject. He pointed out that Britain possessed practically no strategic reserve of land forces at home because all her formed divisions were serving abroad. He looked forward to establishing such a reserve in this country, where it would be ready to move anywhere in emergency. If he hopes

to make a beginning at once, it will not be with a large force. Were the Suez Canal Zone imbroglio to be cleared up, a considerable force might be available, but I should not like to answer the question whether any could be taken now, because a withdrawal, however small, might stiffen Egyptian obstinacy about a reasonable settlement.

We can now move troops rapidly over long distances by air, but are still short of aircraft for heavier material needed by even a comparatively small force.

Perhaps not enough attention has been paid in Britain to the action of Canada in maintaining a brigade group in Germany, in addition to that which has been serving in the Commonwealth Division in Korea. An air division is also stationed on this side of the Atlantic. This is officially a contribution to N.A.T.O., but none the less welcome from the Commonwealth's point of view. Australia and New Zealand have likewise made contributions in Korea, and that of the former, which is of all three Services, includes the carrier, H.M.A.S. *Sydney*, which has made two tours of duty with the United Nations' forces. Australia has a bomber squadron operating in Malaya, and had a transport squadron operating there for two-and-a-half years.

More notable still, an R.A.A.F. fighter wing was sent to serve in Malta in August 1952, and this striking move is authoritatively stated to have been made "at the suggestion of the United Kingdom" rather than at the request of N.A.T.O. It will thus be seen that more interlocking of the forces of the United Kingdom with those of other States of the Commonwealth has occurred within the last few years than was ever known before.

As regards the Colonies, I have expressed some views on the political side which do not seem to be commonly held, and at least rarely appear in the Press. These have a connection with my ideas on military policy. To those of the Colonies which are well on their way to independence I think we ought to make it known, in language clearer than politicians and Civil Servants always use, that, if they are prepared to maintain a genuine political link with the United Kingdom and the Commonwealth, we are prepared to continue to do our utmost for their defence as also for their welfare; if they decide to walk out, we shall drop that responsibility. We have rated ourselves too cheap in this respect, and those who do so in international affairs are apt to be treated as cheap. I may add that, though in some cases the forces of Colonies are, largely thanks to British training, very valuable indeed, their rôle is likely to be in the main one of local defence. It might, however, in some instances be extended in emergency, as it was during the Second World War.

In one respect at least what I wrote in "The Question of Defence" is not out of date. It is indeed more apparent than seven years ago. I stated that "the clocks of growing nations cannot be put back, even though in logic the Statute of Westminster may not accord with the age of atomic energy." I was criticising the hankering, then not extinct in Britain, for a rigid, centralised defence organisation in Whitehall to manage the military policy of the Commonwealth. I said that an autonomous centralised defence

system would never be accepted, however strongly the other members of the Commonwealth were represented in it. That idea, so far as it was ever in being, has since become entirely extinct. It need not be regretted. Military consultation and agreement on doctrine are on a sounder footing within the Commonwealth than in 1947.

Finally, the outstanding strategic feature of the Commonwealth is its wide dispersion. Dispersion may have strategic as well as tactical value, because support areas spread over the world can scarcely all be equally vulnerable at one time to aggression, however long and strong the arm of the aggressor. In this case dispersion involves on the debit side the danger of the communications between the parts of the Commonwealth being cut in time of war. Were this to happen on a big scale the decrease in the effective power of the Commonwealth would be grave. In Commonwealth military planning the maintenance of communications under the stress of war should take a high place. It is indeed regarded as one of the fundamental points in policy. I trust my outlook has not been one of facile optimism. Even if it had I should prefer to be reproached for that rather than for the too fashionable pessimism on the subject. I see no reason for it unless we justify it by behaving foolishly.

WILD CREATURES IN WINTER NEED, FORGET FEAR:
BLACK FOREST ROEDEER SUCCOURED BY PEASANTS.



ON THE WAY TO THE SAFETY OF THE FARMYARD: EXHAUSTED ROEDEER, DEPRIVED OF FOOD AND WATER BY THE DEEP SNOW AND FROST, BEING CARRIED TO SHELTER BY BLACK FOREST PEASANTS. NEED OF FOOD AND WATER HAS ROBBED THEM OF THEIR NATURAL FEAR OF MAN.



UNAFRAID, AND OBVIOUSLY TRUSTING IN ITS HUMAN RESCUER: A ROEDEER WHICH HAS BEEN PICKED UP IN THE DEEP SNOW AND BROUGHT TO A HOUSE.



SLIGHTLY APPREHENSIVE OF ITS SURROUNDINGS, BUT ALLOWING ITSELF TO BE PLACED IN THE SHELTER OF A WOODSHED: A RESCUED ROEDEER.

Animals, as well as human beings, suffer great privations and dangers in the severe winter conditions of Central Europe. In the Black Forest when heavy snow covers the ground, as it does in the hard winters, and prolonged frost seals up the springs and brooks, the roe deer are deprived of the means of life. Released from all shyness and natural fear of man by their terrible hunger and thirst, they often approach human habitations in search of food and water; and when



FOUND WHEN ALMOST IN ITS LAST EXTREMITY: A ROEDEER, LYING IN THE SNOW, EXHAUSTED BY LACK OF FOOD AND WATER, ABOUT TO BE LIFTED UP BY TWO GIRLS.

the peasants find them lying exhausted in the snow, these wild creatures allow themselves to be picked up, carried to safety, and fed and watered. They remain happily in the shelter of byres and sheds, accepting human aid, until the thaw comes. Then their temporary hosts release them and they return to their native haunts—happy wild creatures once more, while the peasants are able to congratulate themselves on having saved these pretty creatures.



THE COMPLETION OF THE GREAT QUADRANGLE OF DOWNING COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE: THE NEW EAST RANGE (LEFT), WITH ITS CENTRAL PORTICO OF PINKISH KETTON STONE, FRONTING THE NEW CHAPEL.

In 1950 Downing College, Cambridge, marked its 150th anniversary by appealing for funds to build a new Chapel and more rooms; and a number of drawings of the College by our Special Artist appeared in our issue of June 24, 1950. On June 29, 1953, the Lord High Chancellor of England, Lord Simonds, the Visitor of the College for the Crown, opened the new buildings and the Bishop of Ely, the Rt. Rev. H. E. Wynn, dedicated the Chapel—the interior of which is shown in the drawing on page 276. Thus the scheme made possible by the munificent bequest of Sidney Wynn Graystone (some £85,000) to his old College has, with the aid of later donors

(at present standing at about £22,640), been realised, and Downing College, as the Lord Chancellor said at the opening, now "stands essentially complete. It is a noble place, built on a site which has no superior among Cambridge colleges. It rivals them all, if not in age at least in beauty of design and material and in careful craftsmanship." The College's first architect, William Wilkins, planned a great quadrangle, 300 ft. square, an ambitious project only partly carried out; but his successors, E. M. Barry, Sir Herbert Baker and now Mr. Alex. T. Scott, have followed Wilkins' general lines and remained true to his classical design and Ionic

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

order; moreover, Ketton stone, with its delightful admixture of rosy-pink, has always been used. Mr. Scott's buildings, closer in style to Wilkins' than Baker's, combine the old and the new with interesting skill. The drawing shows, on the right, the east range, designed by Barry in the pure Wilkins tradition; and then (in the centre) one of Baker's two wings, which flank the latest addition. This latest building, the portico on the left, comprises also the block, as far as five first-floor windows on either side of the pillars, and contains, in addition to the Chapel, living-rooms for two Fellows and thirty-six undergraduates. At the opening

ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

cereemony, Mr. H. Darlow, the President of the College Association, after speaking of the munificence of the late Mr. Graystone and saying that of the £21,000 which had so far been subscribed, most had come from old Downing men, with generous aid from sister colleges, asked for further support, both to achieve the full extent of the appeal and so to enable the College to preserve its small endowments intact, and also to go on to other projects, such as a new entrance. Since the opening, the fund has grown by more than £1500, but the "other projects" are not yet definitely fixed.



BRYAN DE GRINEAU
DOWNING College

THE NEW CHAPEL OF DOWNING COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, PART OF THE MAGNIFICENT NEW BUILDINGS WHICH, NOW THAT THEY HAVE BEEN FINISHED, MAKE THE 150-YEAR-OLD COLLEGE VIRTUALLY COMPLETE.

In our issue of June 24, 1950, we published some drawings of Downing College, Cambridge, by our Special Artist, Bryan de Grineau, which marked the occasion of the College's appeal for funds to complete the noble 150-year-old plan of building. The wing for which the appeal was made has now been built (although not entirely paid for, and the appeal is still open) and the central feature is the College Chapel. Previously the College had made use of a quite inadequate "upper room" over the Hall, and the need for a worthy and adequately large place of worship was keenly felt. The new Chapel was dedicated on June 29 last year by the Bishop of Ely, the Rt. Rev. H. E. Wynn, and our Artist here shows the dignified interior. It lies behind the portico shown on pages 274 and 275, and a

finely-carved screen in oak, bearing on one of its sides the College's heraldic griffin and its motto, "*Quærere verum*," divides the ante-chapel from the Chapel proper. An oak table altar, covered with a rich crimson pall, bears a cross of silver and yew-wood, given by an old member of the College and by others of his family in memory of his son, a scholar of the College, who lost his life in the Royal Air Force, and two silver candlesticks given by Lord Fairhaven. These were all designed by Professor R. Y. Goodden. A silver alms-dish, also given by the father of the same scholar, is the work of Mr. W. F. Knight, of Wellingborough. A finely-bound and printed Altar Book has been given by the College Servants, past and present.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



IT is surprising that so few people in this country grow the hardy orange. The reason is, I suppose, that they just do not know that such a thing exists. But it does. *Citrus*

trifoliata—which was so named by no less an authority than the great Linnaeus himself—is neither rare nor difficult to obtain. Quite a number of nurserymen who specialise in choice trees and shrubs stock it, and those who do not happen to grow it should be able—and willing—to obtain it for one, and so supply. What could be simpler, then, than to buy, and plant, and await results? The length of time you will have to wait for results—that is, for real orange-blossom and real oranges—will depend largely upon the age and size of the specimen you plant. But during the probationary period you need have no fears as to your orange-tree prospering. It is quite reliably hardy, and absurdly easy to grow. All it asks is an open, sunny and, if possible, sheltered position and quite ordinary soil. I have said orange "tree," but perhaps bush would have been more accurate; for *Citrus trifoliata* is usually raised, sold and planted as a bush, and as a bush it is usually allowed to develop, though I see no reason why it should not be pruned and trained up as a standard on a clear stem or trunk, as oranges are so often grown. But now, having, I hope, aroused the interest of at least some readers who have never seen or heard of the hardy orange, I had better give one warning, for I have no wish to mislead them up the garden path.

Although *Citrus trifoliata* produces real orange-blossom and real oranges, the fruit is useless for dessert or for marmalade. It is more intensely bitter than Seville, or than the beautiful golden fruits that hang so temptingly upon the orange-trees that are grown as street and pavement ornaments in Nice, Monte Carlo and all the other resorts along the Riviera. The sight of those Riviera orange-trees flowering and fruiting along the pavements has never failed to thrill me every time I have returned to that coast. After life in England there is something arrogantly romantic about it, quite apart from the intrinsic beauty of the silver, gold and glossy green; though doubtless there are blasé habitués to whom they mean little more than their pavement setting.

Citrus trifoliata has not, I confess, quite the rich charm of a normal orange-tree in full fruit and flower. It is deciduous, dropping its trifoliate leaves in autumn, but the bush, even when leafless, retains a general appearance of greenness, for all the twigs and lesser branches are green. The largest specimens that I have seen were about 8 or 9, or perhaps 10 ft. tall, though I have read of even larger ones. The twigs are slightly flattened, and twigs and branches, which grow in a curiously zigzag angular manner, are heavily armed with terribly fierce thorns, stiff, needle-sharp, and a couple of inches or so long. The flowers, which appear before the leaves in April or May, are ivory white, fragrant and as much as 1½ to 2 ins. across. A carefully chosen branch, well flowered, and so curiously elbowed and angled, can make an extremely attractive flower decoration for the house if put quite simply in a suitable vase, unfussed, un-"arranged," un-debauched by any "arty" theories of balance or what have you. I feel very strongly about this matter of "doing" the flowers, which to-day so often amounts to doing them in. I could name—but won't—one artist who is supremely clever at arranging flowers in the grand manner. She can even use the most pompous flowers and somehow reduce them from pomposity to an ordinary human, everyday level. Her work interests me enormously, and I admire much of it

THE HARDY ORANGE.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

greatly. But I would not like to live with it and have no desire to ape it. The only suitable setting, surely, for flowers arranged in the grand manner is a room



THE FRUIT OF THE HARDY ORANGE. THE FRUIT, ABOUT THE SIZE OF TANGERINES, "IS USELESS FOR DESSERT OR FOR MARMALADE. IT IS MORE INTENSELY BITTER THAN SEVILLES. . ."

Photographs by J. E. Downward.



THE HARDY ORANGE—VARIOUSLY CALLED BY THE BOTANISTS *Citrus trifoliata*, *Egle sepiaria* and *Poncirus trifoliata*: A SPRAY SHOWING THE FRUIT, FOLIAGE, GREEN TWIGS, AND FORMIDABLE THORNS.

furnished in an equally grand manner. As to what I can only think of as the "milliner" school of flower arrangement, in which flowers are twisted about into grotesque attitudes as though they were so much straw and ribbon and dyed feather, it is useless to suggest what surroundings would best suit such arrangements—except, of course, the homes of those who indulge in them. I think the most distressing thing about many of the "milliner" school flower arrangements is the way flowers are forced into utterly unnatural attitudes, especially flowers whose chief characteristic is a stately, erect carriage. A gladiolus made to lean at an angle of 45 degrees may conform to some "milliner" school theory of "balance," but to me it looks about as pathetic as some unfortunate performing dog at a circus, dolled up in a skirt, a shawl and a floppy hat, and tottering along on its hind-legs with a shopping basket.

That type of performing dog gives me exactly the same feeling of mixed shame and exasperation as do most of the "milliner" type of flower arrangements, and the pictures one sees of them. Incidentally, gladioli arranged to lean at an angle of 45 degrees or so enter a mute protest after a day or two by turning the uppermost few inches of their spike into an upright position.

The oranges that *Citrus trifoliata* bears are not very large. About the size of tangerine oranges. But in a favourable year a mature bush will produce quite a showy crop, and young plants may be raised from the pips. Armed to the teeth as it is with such terrible thorns, the hardy orange would make a wonderful hedge, and it has been used for that purpose to a certain extent on the Continent. In this country I have only seen one such hedge. That was in a Suffolk garden. This hedge was perhaps 15 or 20 yards long, and 8 or 9 ft. high. But as a hedge it did not appear to be doing anything in particular. It just stood out on an open piece of ground, without enclosing anything or dividing anything from anything else. But it was in full flower and a very fine sight when I saw it.

Although Linnaeus named this interesting orange *Citrus trifoliata*, it has since been renamed twice. On account of the trifoliate arrangement of its leaves, and because its stamens were not united, it was renamed *Egle sepiaria* by De Candolle, and now apparently we are to call it *Poncirus trifoliata*. Hybrids have been raised in America between this hardy orange, *Citrus trifoliata*, and some of the sweet true oranges, and these are said to bear edible fruits. They have been grown in this country, and are apparently as hardy as the hardy parent. But whether they have fruited satisfactorily here I do not know. Many years ago I was given cuttings of two or three named varieties. But I failed to root them, though they took an unconscionable time a-dying. These hybrids are known as Citranges, and there are several distinct named varieties, such as "Colman," with leaves very like

a normal sweet orange; "Morton" and "Savage." It is said that in America they are used for making marmalade. During the past week or two I have had very sure proof as to the hardness of *Citrus trifoliata*, or *Egle* or, if you prefer it, *Poncirus*. I have a youngish seedling about 18 ins. high growing in a 5-in. pot, which got left standing out in the open without any protection whatever during the whole of the recent spell of exceptionally cold weather. This plant has come through the ordeal quite unharmed. That, I maintain, is a particularly severe test. A plant standing about in a pot is far more vulnerable to winter cold than it would be snugly planted in the ground.

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NEARLY a year ago I was talking about an amusing exhibition of prints illustrating the life of the eighteenth century, and mentioned the strange case of the Chevalier D'Eon, who was a wonderful fencer and, for the greater part of his career, masqueraded as a woman. A letter from a reader in Australia describes a much-damaged print she possesses, in which the Chevalier—or, rather, La Chevalière—is fencing with Monsieur de Saint-George. Here is the version of what must have been a popular print in its day, which appeared in the Victoria and Albert Museum Exhibition referred to above—an etching coloured by hand—a frequent practice, by the way, among the print-sellers, on the principle of penny plain, twopence coloured. I'd better give the description in full:

"The Afsaut, or Fencing Match, which took place at Carlton House, on the 9th. of April, 1787, between Mademoiselle La Chevalière D'Eon de Beaumont and Monsieur de Saint-George.

"In the presence of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, several of the Nobility and many eminent Fencing Masters of London." And then, very characteristic of a century when most people who could read had a smattering of Latin, a Virgilian quotation to the effect that the warlike maiden dares to combat with men and wins by means of the divine art of Pallas, which I am bound to say I should have thought referred to feminine wiles rather than to fencing. However, it provides a popular print with a fine show of erudition and no doubt flattered the non-classical customers. The print is clearly no great work of art, but an extremely interesting record of a particular occasion, with the usual slick portrait of His Royal Highness thrown in.

Carlton House was the Prince's residence, Carlton House Terrace preserves the name to this day, and the pillars of the portico were used for the National Gallery. Charles D'Eon de Beaumont (1728-1810) was, it appears, a trusted agent of Louis XV's ministers, and first masqueraded as a woman when he was sent to the Russian Court in 1755. In 1759 he served as a captain in the French Army in Germany. Later, in England, he was the object of both curiosity and admiration, and many were convinced that he was

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. MORE ANSWERS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

Europe. Yet even in this kind of popular print it is easy to detect the beginnings of that grossness and absurdity which, within a few years, were to make him detested and ridiculed whenever he made a public appearance. Here is Byron, writing of him as he was—later the poet was much less complimentary:

... the grace too rare in every
clime
Of being, without alloy of fop or
beau,
A finish'd gentleman from top
to toe.

And here is Charles Lamb:

By his bulk and by his size,
By his oily qualities,
This (or else my eyesight fails)
This should be the Prince of
WHALES.

So much for this print. And now for an enquiry on an entirely different subject.

People always seem to be curious about the origin of their chairs, even when they have no illusions about them. I mean by that, when they know the chair which puzzles them was almost certainly made not more than 100 years ago. A rough sketch from a Manchester reader shows a chair with straight legs and a stretcher but with a carved back not unlike that seen in Fig. 2. I gather from his letter that the owner has no high opinion of his chair as the carving is decidedly rough—none the less, he wonders what its ancestry could be. The nearest parallel to it seems to be this very elaborate and very fine example at South Kensington, which is very close to a design in the third edition of Chippendale's "Director." This edition appeared in 1759, which reminds me that 1954 is the two hundredth anniversary of the first edition of that famous compilation, a piece of original and brilliant propaganda which persuaded Chippendale's contemporaries that he was the greatest man in his profession and for a time led later generations to imagine that other cabinet-makers were members of the depressed classes. Chippendale labels the design "a French Chair," and with reason, for the French influence is clear enough.

Another reader asks whether the "ladder-back" is a modern idea; she has, she says, some pleasant modern pieces. The answer is that this agreeable type of pattern was known in late Stuart times, but did not return to favour until towards the end of the eighteenth century. Really fine examples are rare indeed. What they look like when absolutely first class is illustrated in Fig. 3. The legs are reeded and are very slightly cabriole and the broad back spreads slightly outwards to the shoulders, as the backs of all such chairs should; beautifully crisp carving and the whole thing something of which this country can be proud. A particular refinement is the piercing of the back rails and the way in which they are knotted together, as it were, by the carved medallion in the centre. How neat, too, the repetition of the shape of the solid top rail by the three pierced ones, rather like a theme firmly introduced in the bass and then repeated, with suitable variations, higher up the scale.

Finally, I have two letters—both very kind and written more in sorrow than in anger—which appear to prove that he who laughs at romantic nonsense can be certain of displeasure: also that once a story gets around which seems to explain the unusual by turning it into the fantastic, the ordinary common-sensical explanation, however well supported by factual evidence, is resented. As the late Adolf Hitler so wisely said, the bigger the lie, the more readily it is swallowed. Here are two obviously nice people who take the trouble to put me right about the rare but by no means unusual type of library chair on which you sit astride, leaning your elbows on the two arms and resting your book upon a reading-desk supported on the chair-back. This leather-covered affair is described by Sheraton and, beyond any possibility of error, was made for a library and for no other purpose. To us it is an odd notion and I don't suppose such a thing was ever made later than about 1810. The theory presumably was you pulled the thing in front of the fire and kept your back warm as you read. But this simple and obvious explanation just will not do for my two correspondents. They have swallowed, hook, line and sinker, the story put

about years ago by an ingenious dealer who, on the strength of a pair of cock's spurs and a feather or two which he had himself placed in the little drawer beneath the seat, sold the chair to a gullible buyer not as an interesting type of reading-chair but as a chair used by the judge at a cock-fight. Numerous



FIG. 1. ILLUSTRATING A FENCING MATCH BETWEEN Mlle. LA CHEVALIÈRE DE BEAUMONT AND MONSIEUR DE SAINT-GEORGE: AN ETCHING COLOURED BY HAND, 1787.

(Anonymous.)

This print, which must have been popular in its day, is an etching coloured by hand, "a frequent practice, by the way, among the print-sellers, on the principle of penny plain, twopence coloured," and illustrates a fencing match at Carlton House in front of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., between Mlle. la Chevalière d'Eon de Beaumont and Monsieur de Saint-George.

writers, far more erudite than I can claim to be, apart from myself, have attempted from time to time to destroy this romantic and ridiculous theory, but neither bludgeon nor rapier has so far been able to give it the *coup de grâce*, and it will probably remain in circulation till the end of time, so eager is the world to believe what it wants to believe.

Yet another theory about another type of chair has its coterie of devoted adherents—they persist in



FIG. 2. VERY CLOSE TO A DESIGN IN THE THIRD EDITION OF CHIPPENDALE'S "DIRECTOR" OF 1759: THE MID-EIGHTEENTH CENTURY'S IDEA OF A FRENCH CHAIR.

This elaborate and fine chair is close to a design in the third edition of Chippendale's "Director." He "labels the design 'a French chair,' and with reason, for the French influence is clear enough."

in fact a woman. The problem was not solved until after his death, to the horror and astonishment of the most respectable lady with whom he had shared a house during the last years of his life. The print, which is by an anonymous hand, is no great rarity, though to be sure it does not turn up at every corner. At this time the Prince, who was only twenty-four, had not yet lost the florid good looks or the brash charm of manner which made him, at least in the eyes of those who did not know him well, the First Gentleman of



FIG. 3. IN ITS FINEST AND MOST ELEGANT FORM: A LADDER-BACK CHAIR.

This photograph illustrates what a ladder-back chair should look like when absolutely first class. "The legs are reeded and are very slightly cabriole and the broad back spreads slightly outwards to the shoulders ... beautifully crisp carving and the whole thing something of which this country can be proud."

Illustrations by Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

calling a simple type of seventeenth-century chair a "farthingale" chair because, they say, it was originally made to accommodate the immense hoops of the women's skirts of the period; as if huge, spreading skirts were unknown before and since the seventeenth century. The truth is that the term "farthingale" chair was a romantic Victorian invention, not used previously, and put about merely to add a romantic interest to a very ordinary and sensible pattern.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DOGS MODELLED IN SILVER, AND OTHER ROYAL PLATE ON VIEW AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT.



BEARING AN EMBOSSED DESIGN OF PLUMES, AND THE ARMS OF THE KING AS DUKE OF LANCASTER: ONE OF A PAIR OF FLAGONS, GILT, 1664; CHARLES SHELLEY. (Height; 20 ins.)



WITH A LOOSE BOWL (LEFT) MODELLED AFTER THE BREAST OF PAULINE BORGHESE (1780-1825): ONE OF A PAIR OF STANDING BOWLS, GILT; PARIS; EARLY NINETEENTH-CENTURY; J. B. C. ODIOT. (Height; 10½ ins.)



BEARING THE ROYAL INSIGNIA AND CIPHER OF CHARLES II.: BELLOW, THE MOUNTS OF SILVER-GILT; C. 1680. MAKER'S MARK P, CROWNED IN A SHAPED SHIELD. ATTRIBUTED TO BENJAMIN PYNE, SAID TO HAVE BELONGED TO NELL GWYN.



FROM THE ROBERT GARRARD TABLE-CENTRE, GILT, MADE FOR QUEEN VICTORIA, WITH MODELS OF FOUR FAVOURITE DOGS: WALMAN, A DACHSHUND, LOOKING AT A RAT IN A TRAP.



EDS, THE SILVER MODEL OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S GREYHOUND, WITH A HARE (PARTLY VISIBLE) AT ITS FEET: FROM THE TABLE-CENTRE (GILT) BY ROBERT GARRARD 1842. (Continued.)

use. The bellows, which according to the William IV. inventory were made for Nell Gwyn, are one of three English examples known. The loose bowls of the standing bowls were modelled after the breasts of Pauline Borghese, sister of Napoleon Bonaparte. The stem is formed by a satyr holding a wreath; one stand was made by Paul Storr in 1816 to match. The table-centre (height, 30 ins.), with models of Queen Victoria's dogs on a circular plateau, was designed by Prince Albert.

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THE Victoria and Albert Museum Exhibition of Royal Plate from Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle (arranged by gracious consent of her Majesty during her absence on the Commonwealth Tour), which was due to open on February 18, affords a unique opportunity. The State Plate on view, which in normal times is divided between Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle, is in intermittent use throughout the year. The Coronation Banquet Plate is not on view, nor is the Sovereign's Private Plate or Plate from Chapels Royal in

(Continued below, left.)

(RIGHT) THE SILVER MODEL OF ISLAT, THE ROUGH-HAIRED TERRIER WHICH BELONGED TO QUEEN VICTORIA: FROM THE 1842 TABLE-CENTRE.



CAIRNACH, A MODEL IN SILVER OF A SKYE TERRIER BELONGING TO QUEEN VICTORIA: ONE OF HER FOUR FAVOURITE DOGS, MODELS OF WHICH APPEAR ON THE TABLE-CENTRE.

NUMISMATICS AS THE HANDMAID OF ARCHÆOLOGY: COINS AS EVIDENCE.

ON February 22 the Royal Numismatic Society celebrates the half-centenary of the Royal Charter granted to it by Edward VII. We mark this occasion by publishing here a number of Roman coins, selected by Professor Michael Grant, Professor of Humanity in the University of Edinburgh, and President of the Royal Numismatic Society, together with his illuminating comments on them. Completely unknown coins are sometimes discovered, but, in general, their archæological value lies in the fact that they frequently carry an official commentary on their times. Among those shown is the only certain contemporary portrait of Julius Cæsar, the prototype of the Britannia of our own coinage, and examples showing that the Romans, too, attached especial interest to anniversaries. In

(Continued below.)



A BRONZE COIN OF AFRICA, OF THE TIME OF AUGUSTUS, SHOWING THE ILL-FATED VARUS. "Even when the whole empire had fallen into the hands of Augustus, he still occasionally allowed his proconsuls to have their heads represented on the bronze coinage of their province. (This coin) of the town of Achulla, in what was the important province of Africa and is now Tunisia, shows the ill-fated Publius Quinctilius Varus. 'Varus, give me back my legions!' lamented Augustus later, when Varus had lost a whole army to the Germans... This vivid, if caricaturish, rendering of Varus is his only picture that has come down to us."



PROBABLY THE ONLY UNQUESTIONABLE CONTEMPORARY PORTRAIT OF JULIUS CÆSAR. "However, most of the coinage depicts the ruler himself. This Hellenistic practice had been started at Rome by Julius Cæsar. Almost the only unquestionable contemporary representation of Cæsar, in any medium, is on this silver coin. It must be contemporary, because his title here, 'dictator for the fourth time' (DICTATOR QUARTUM) had ceased to be valid before his death, being replaced by the ominous designation 'permanent dictator' (DICTATOR PERPETUO)—perhaps the last straw which pricked his enemies to action. The curved staff symbolises the Augurate."



A BRITANNIA OF 1800 YEARS AGO: A BRASS COIN OF ANTONINUS PIUS, RECORDING A PACIFICATION OF BRITAIN.

"This figure, inscribed BRITANNIA, on a brass coin of Antoninus Pius, is clearly the ancestor of the Britannia who has appeared on our pennies since the reign of Charles II., when 'La Belle' Frances Stuart, Duchess of Richmond, served as model. The Roman coin issued in A.D. 143-4, refers to the defeat of a British invasion and the decision to build the thirty-three-mile Antonine Wall between Forth and Clyde."



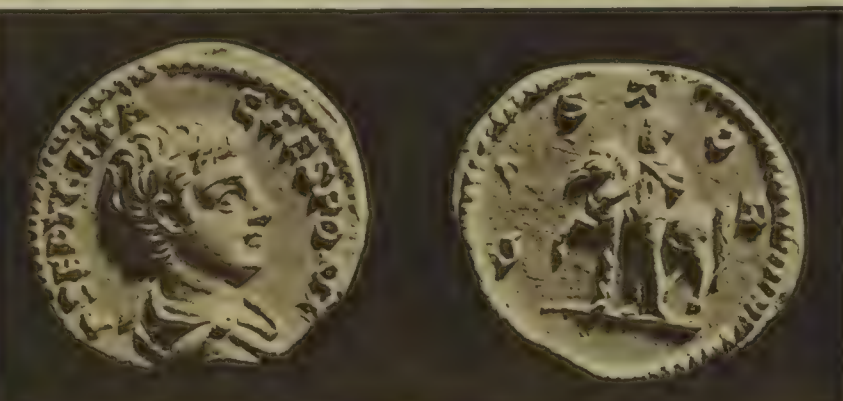
A POSTHUMOUS COIN OF AUGUSTUS THE "DEIFIED FATHER," ISSUED BY TIBERIUS, AND MADE OF BRASS. THE TEMPLE OF VESTA HAS AUGUSTAN ASSOCIATIONS. "Augustus, when he became 'god and father' (Divus Pater) in his turn, received more posthumous commemoration on coins than anyone before or after him. Sometimes these portraits achieve a quality worthy of the finest Roman sculpture in the Arts Council's London Exhibition last autumn. The example (left, above) is a brass coin with a good head. On the reverse it displays a round temple of Vesta. This could be the ancient temple beside the Forum, but it is more likely to be its replica which was built by Augustus himself as an annexe to his house on the Palatine; so this shrine and its cult of Vesta became intimately associated with his own glory and posthumous worship. This coin, with its



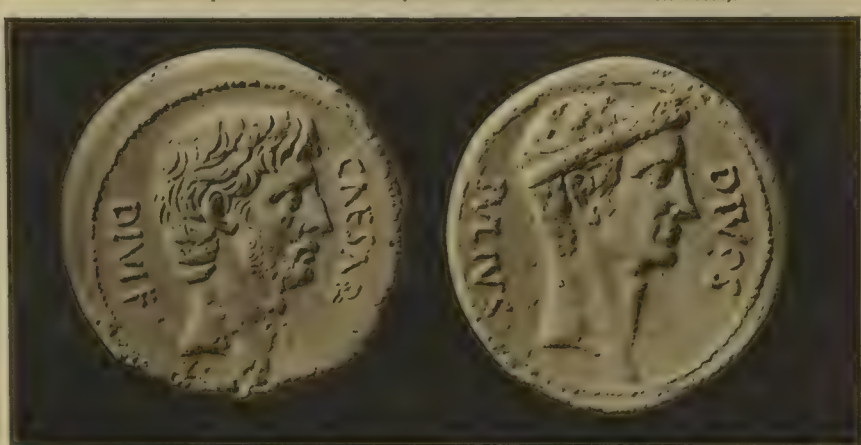
A GOLD COIN OF NERO. THE TEMPLE OF VESTA IS SHOWN, AND THE COIN WAS ISSUED ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF AUGUSTUS' DEATH. "unusual type, was probably issued just ten years after his death. The next time its temple appears is on gold and silver pieces of Nero (right, above). When we discover, by comparison with contemporary coinage, that this issue must belong to a date very near indeed to A.D. 64—the half-centenary of Augustus' death—it is legitimate to wonder whether these coins and their types do not celebrate the anniversary itself. And curiously enough, probably in this very year, Nero also revives a version of Victory in a guise peculiarly associated with the memory of Augustus. . . . There is no doubt that the Romans religiously celebrated anniversaries of Augustus' death."



CELEBRATING THE MILLENNARY OF THE FOUNDATION OF ROME: A LARGE BRONZE MEDALLION, ISSUED BY THE ARABIAN SOLDIER-EMPEROR, PHILIP, IN A.D. 248. "Certain coinages possessing such a (commemorative) 'twist' had long been recognised—for example, those celebrating centenaries of Rome's foundation itself. Even these designs are sometimes not explicit. But often they are. Thus a bronze medallion of the Arabian Emperor Philip and his family celebrates the city's millennium with the slogan 'A New Age' (Sæculum Novum). Philip also uses the opportunity to show the public his wife and heir (who was killed with him soon afterwards)."

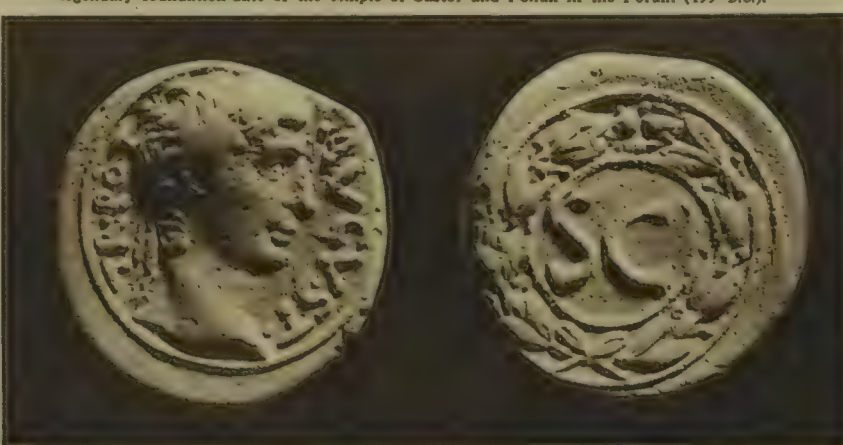


MENTIONING THE GOD CASTOR FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ALL ROMAN COINAGE: A SILVER COIN OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS, SHOWING THE HEAD OF HIS SON, GETA. "Most commentators have agreed that there are more, perhaps many more, centenary coinages than has been suspected. . . . For instance, when, quite suddenly, the god Castor is named on a silver coin of Septimius Severus for the first time in all the centuries of Roman coinage, it can not be fortuitous that the two years or so within which the issue must have been made include the seventh centenary of the legendary foundation-date of the temple of Castor and Pollux in the Forum (499 B.C.)."



A POSTHUMOUS PORTRAIT OF JULIUS CÆSAR (RIGHT) ON A COIN ISSUED BY HIS SUCCESSOR AND ADOPTIVE SON, AUGUSTUS (LEFT), HERE SHOWN BEARDED. "The posthumous coin-portrait of Julius Cæsar is a worthy forerunner of the superb later series of imperial numismatic portraits. Here the 'deified' dictator is shown with his adoptive son the future Augustus, 'Cæsar, son of a god'—DIVI Filius—unshaven because of his vow to avenge the murder of Cæsar." Issued while Augustus was still struggling for power.

Professor Grant's words: "This celebration of anniversaries is only one of a number of somewhat unfamiliar themes which are taking shape in Roman numismatics. When the technical discussions concerning them have been duly pursued, we hope it will become possible to claim some of them as true archæological



A COIN OF AUGUSTUS, ISSUED IN SYRIA, IN WHICH HE HAS MASKED HIS ABSOLUTE POWER BY SHOWING ON THE REVERSE "S.C."—"BY A DECREE OF THE SENATE." "Later Augustus cloaked his absolute rule with a discreet constitution which ostensibly 'gave back' many territories to the Senate. He retained personal control over most of the provinces containing armies, such as Syria, but even there he issued very many bronze coins tactfully recording the constitutional procedure which had brought the issue into being, with the inscription, 'by a decree of the Senate.'"

discoveries which, in their own unspectacular but highly significant way, can take their place in the historian's and art-historian's records beside the newly found statues, buildings and other ancient monuments and objects which are presented from time to time to the readers of *The Illustrated London News*."

HENRY MOORE'S LATEST WORK: NEW BRONZES ON VIEW IN LONDON.



"THREE STANDING FIGURES" (1953), EXAMPLES OF THE LATEST WORK BY HENRY MOORE (B. 1898), ON VIEW AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES EXHIBITION. (Bronze; 28 ins. high.)



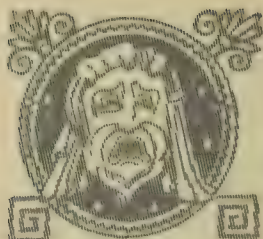
"MOTHER AND CHILD IN A LADDER-BACK CHAIR" (1952): A MODERN REPRESENTATION OF MOTHERHOOD. (Bronze; 8½ ins. high.)



"KING AND QUEEN" (1952-53), COMMISSIONED BY THE CITY OF ANTWERP FOR THE OPEN AIR MUSEUM, MIDDELHEIM, AND SHOWN IN SITU. (Bronze; 5 ft. 4½ ins. high.) ANOTHER BRONZE CAST OF THIS GROUP IS ON VIEW IN THE CURRENT LONDON EXHIBITION.

Modern sculpture is a controversial subject; many people dislike non-representational work; others find it inspiring; but from any point of view the exhibition of New Bronzes, by Henry Moore, at the Leicester Galleries, which opened last week, is important. Mr. Moore enjoys international fame; and his work is represented in great public galleries in this country and abroad. He has received many public commissions, the latest of which is the two seated figures, "King and Queen," commissioned by the City of Antwerp for the Open Air Museum, Middelheim; and now in place. Another bronze cast of the group

occupies an important place in the current exhibition. Mr. Moore was awarded the International Sculpture Prize at the twenty-fourth Venice Biennale in 1948; made Foreign Member of the Swedish Royal Academy of Fine Arts in 1951; and created Hon. D.Litt. University of London, and awarded first prize for Foreign Sculpture at the Sao Paulo Biennale in 1953. Retrospective exhibitions of his work have been held in America, Australia, Manchester, Brussels, Amsterdam, Athens, Cape Town and elsewhere. He is, by the way, an enthusiastic cameraman and the photographs we reproduce were taken by him.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

THE FEARLESS AND THE FAULTY.

By ALAN DENT.



IT would be paradoxical but true to say of two of the new films that they would be much better—i.e., truer to the hazardous and horrid nature of their subjects—if they were considerably less endurable and more monotonous.

Let the alarmed reader be assured that all that follows this portentous, pregnant, and (if you like) pompous statement is going to be as clear as day! "They Who Dare," directed by Lewis Milestone, is about a British Commando raid on the Greek island of Rhodes some ten years ago. "The Weak and the Wicked," directed by J. Lee-Thompson, is about life as it is said to be lived in a women's prison in England to-day. Neither is a bore; in fact, both are very much to be seen—once. But neither is satisfactory as a whole.

The last Milestone film to be shown here, "Halls of Montezuma," had a very similar subject to the latest one, being concerned with a raid on a Japanese island by the United States Marine Corps. On this page three years ago I summarised Milestone's position and achievement as follows: "The truth about the three Milestone war-films, as I look on them, is that the first unforgettable masterpiece ('All Quiet on the Western Front') displayed war-making as a totally unnecessary evil. The second, which is admittedly not easy to forget ('A Walk in the Sun'), had an alarming undercurrent to the effect that war, however futile we may think it in theory, is a necessary evil in practice. The new film, which is well enough done for us to remember it for a long time yet ('Halls of Montezuma'), stresses the futility of fighting and at least adumbrates the faint possibility that one day that strange, cool, half-forgotten thing called world-peace may once again, in our time, descend upon us all."

It has to be admitted that the newest Milestone, "They Who Dare," does not make me want either to alter or to expand this summary of the director's previous achievement. It is merely episodic, and unlike the three unforgettable Milestones, it is without a total gesture. It says no more than that a wartime raid can be extremely perilous, and it has hardly anything further to say, even by implication, on the subject of war-waging in general.

they reach the coast too late to find the submarine they swim into the sea to be eventually—and incredibly—found and rescued by it!

Both Mr. Bogarde and Mr. Elliott, all the same, make rather more of these young men than their script-writers have set down for them, and the same may be said of the accomplished actors who play the Greeks—Akim Tamiroff and Eric Pohlmann, Alec Mango and Gerard Oury. But in general and too often it must be allowed that the characterisation of



A FILM DIRECTED BY LEWIS MILESTONE AND "ABOUT A BRITISH COMMANDO RAID ON THE GREEK ISLAND OF RHODES SOME TEN YEARS AGO": "THEY WHO DARE" (BRITISH LION), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH LIEUTENANT GRAHAM (DIRK BOGARDE—LEFT), SERGEANT CORCORAN (DENHOLM ELLIOTT) AND GEORGE ONE (AKIM TAMIROFF—HIDDEN BY ROCKS) WATCH GERMANS SEARCHING THE ROAD BENEATH THEM.

this film is weak and its motivation often incomprehensible. Some of the sequences can only be called inconsequent.

Judging from the result I should say that something like *this* is what happened in the making of "They Who Dare." Mr. Milestone was brought over from America to direct it, as being a congenial subject. He did all he could in the studios at Shepperton and then was taken over to Cyprus, which belongs to us and is as close to Rhodes as makes no matter. (I sailed past Rhodes on my way from Cyprus to Athens last Easter, and gazing upon its gilded coast I suddenly

The impression given by "The Weak and the Wicked" is that it is an over-watered and over-sugared version of some very strong tea indeed—Miss Joan Henry's scarifying book, "Who Lie in Gaol." The director here seems to have been rather awed by his subject than fascinated by it, and he is so determined not to give the inevitable chilling impression that he goes much too far in the other direction of superimposed farce.

The central story is that of a girl, very sincerely played by Glynis Johns, who has tried to pay a gambling debt by means of a worthless cheque and is sent to prison in consequence. Will the young doctor who loves her wait for her and forgive her, or will he go off instead to Rhodesia and some other wife without a stigma? Before this question is happily resolved, we have to be introduced to various other types of female delinquent and be shown—mainly by the flash-back method—the deeds of darkness which brought them to their present plight.

Admittedly the film would be unendurable—or at least be found so by the lay-public—if it were not alleviated by the whimsicality of some of those episodes, especially by the splendid riotous fun of the one in which Sybil Thorndike and Athene Seyler propose to do away with a cantankerous A. E. Matthews by means of a nice hot cup of tea containing two teaspoonsful of sugar and one of weed-killer. Dame Sybil, one eye baleful with murder and the other glistening with the glad anticipation of a fortune, is a sight for the gods, Greek or otherwise; and it is a celestial moment when she discovers that she has accidentally left the canister labelled "Weed-Killer" on the breakfast-tray.

It is fair to say that these and other comic interludes are mainly retrospective. The main course of the film is grim and unfunny, and rightly so; it is as uncompromising as a wardress's mouth.

Another British effort called "The Runaway Bus," tries to be comic throughout, but is nowhere as funny as the best of those reliefs from gaol. Everybody in it is fog-bound throughout, including your critic. There is some excruciatingly laboured business



"THE CENTRAL STORY IS THAT OF A GIRL, VERY SINCERELY PLAYED BY GLYNIS JOHNS, WHO HAS TRIED TO PAY A GAMBLING DEBT BY MEANS OF A WORTHLESS CHEQUE AND IS SENT TO PRISON IN CONSEQUENCE": "THE WEAK AND THE WICKED" (ASSOCIATED BRITISH-MARBLE ARCH PRODUCTION), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH THE GOVERNOR OF BLACKDOWN PRISON (JOAN HAYTHORNE) SENDS FOR JEAN (GLYNIS JOHNS) TO TELL HER THAT SHE IS TO BE SENT TO THE GRANGE, A PRISON-WITHOUT-BARS. THIS FILM IS BASED ON MISS JOAN HENRY'S BOOK "WHO LIE IN GAOL."

Six English commandos and four Greeks are landed by a Greek submarine on the island, and split into two parties in order to cross the island and destroy two German-Italian airfields simultaneously. The foray is successfully carried out, but only two of the men return to the spot where they landed. These are the leader of the party (Dirk Bogarde) and his poetry-loving sergeant (Denholm Elliott), who appear to save each other's lives though they hate each other's guts or lack of it. Even the survival of these two is not at all convincing. One carries the other for over a mile and a half of open and picketed country, and when

felt as happy and as far-seeing as the vanished Colossus.) Here he took particular joy in filming the shepherds piping to their lambs and their kids, and contrasted these beautifully with the grim spectacle of armed men sniping at their fellow-creatures. He then brought back to Shepperton a longer and doubtless far more consistent (and therefore more characteristic) film than that which now appears, handed it to some apparently not first-rate cutters, washed his hands of it, and returned to America right away. That may be a quite wrong impression. But it is the impression I have been given by "They Who Dare" as now exhibited.



"DAME SYBIL, ONE EYE BALEFUL WITH MURDER AND THE OTHER GLISTENING WITH THE GLAD ANTICIPATION OF A FORTUNE, IS A SIGHT FOR THE GODS, GREEK OR OTHERWISE; AND IT IS A CELESTIAL MOMENT WHEN SHE DISCOVERS THAT SHE HAS ACCIDENTALLY LEFT THE CANISTER LABELLED 'WEED-KILLER' ON THE BREAKFAST-TRAY": "THE WEAK AND THE WICKED," SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH MILLIE (ATHENE SEYLER—RIGHT), HAVING WATCHED HER FRIEND MABEL (SYBIL THORNDIKE) PUT THE POISON IN THE TEAPOT, MAKES AN EXCUSE TO GO, NOT WISHING TO SEE THE POISON ACTUALLY ADMINISTERED.

of conveying some fogbound air-passengers from one landing-place to another in a coach which, being driven by Frankie Howerd, blunders into a minefield. There is also an impenetrable mystery about stolen gold. Through the fog and the mystery everyone is resolutely jocular, jocose and jocund, especially that Minerva among mature comediennes, Margaret Rutherford, who manages to be all three as well as in a towering rage at one and the same time. But even Miss Rutherford cannot keep this bus running, much less from running away.

IN THE NEW P. & O. LINER *ARCADIA*: PUBLIC ROOMS AND LUXURIOUS CABINS.

THE FIRST-CLASS LIBRARY IN THE NEW P. & O. LINER *ARCADIA*: PANELLED IN HONEY SYCAMORE, RELIEVED WITH STRIPED ELM AND ICE CORAL BIRCH.



THE FIRST-CLASS LOUNGE ON THE PROMENADE DECK: A VERY LARGE ROOM, WITH WINDOWS ON BOTH SIDES. BEYOND THE ARCADIAN MURAL LIES THE DANCE FLOOR.

THE new 29,734-ton P. & O. liner *Arcadia*, which is due to begin her maiden voyage on February 22, has accommodation for 679 first-class and 735 tourist-class passengers. We show here some of her first-class public rooms and cabins. She has been furnished and decorated to designs produced by Messrs. A. McInnes Gardner of Glasgow, and the result is colourful and attractive, but not ultra-modern in tone. The public rooms—of which there are nine in the First Class and seven in the Tourist Class—have been planned with the thought always in mind that they are to be the passengers' homes for a month at a time, to be lived in and with, not just seen for a day and then forgotten. Many of the decorations incorporate motifs and scenes from that classical Arcadia from which the liner draws her name, and the first vessel of the line to bear the name is also portrayed in the Entrance Hall.

(RIGHT.)
IN THE AIR-CONDITIONED FIRST-CLASS DINING-ROOM ON "D" DECK. IT SEATS 366 AT SMALL TABLES. ABOVE THE SIDEBOARD, A MURAL OF SCENES OF CLASSICAL ARCADIA.



IN ONE OF THE SINGLE-BERTH FIRST-CLASS CABINS OF THE LINER *ARCADIA*, THERE ARE ALSO TWO- AND THREE-BERTH CABINS, SOME WITH PRIVATE BATH OR SHOWER.



ONE OF THE FOUR CABINS-DE-LUXE ON "B" DECK. TWO OF THESE HAVE PRIVATE VERANDAHs. THE BEDS CAN BE STOWED VERTICALLY TO MAKE A REALLY LARGE SITTING-ROOM.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

"THINGS FLOW ABOUT SO!"

By J. C. TREWIN.

I EXPECT to be involved for some time in the preparation of what used to be called a Revolutionary Thesis. This depends simply on the surmise that Lewis Carroll created the Reverend Robert Spalding. Agreed, "The Private Secretary," in which Spalding appears, is not in the accepted run of the Dodgson, or Carroll, works, beside "A Syllabus of Plane Algebraical Geometry," "An Elementary Treatise on Determinants," and "Alice in Wonderland." Even so, the marks seem to me to be plain, those "by which you may know, wheresoever you go, the warranted genuine Snarks."

E. F. Benson once wrote of "Alice": "No threat of a coherent idea ever menaces your bliss; you feel yourself safe from receiving sense on the sly." The thesis can start there, and I shall proceed to point out the obvious relationship between Mr. Spalding and the White Knight. The Knight's hair is shaggy, and Mr. Spalding's symmetrically parted. Otherwise, no doubts at all. Each man has a gentle, foolish face and large, mild eyes. Each carries a curious variety of goods and chat-tels. Each has a habit of tumbling about. Each is musical; each is grave. And I am sure that Spalding would be chivalry itself if ever anyone permitted it. But then, nobody permits Spalding to be anything but an unintentional acrobat.

On the whole, the comparison is no more far-fetched than Fluellen's linking of Macedon and Monmouth. Each has a river: "'Tis all one. . . . And there is salmons in both." I am sure that if Mr. Spalding's chat-tels had been examined carefully, they would have been found to contain—besides bath-bun, goloshes and acidulated drop—a beehive, a mouse-trap and a dish for plum-cake. In the play he has no time to be an inventor; he is being flung through doors or stuffed down into chests. Still, I do not doubt that, all the while, the brain is evolving creatively. If we are to search for other likenesses between "Alice" and the farce, the tornado Cattermole is surely a natural equivalent of the Jabberwock. He, too, whiffles through a tulgey wood. He, too, has eyes of flame.

"The Private Secretary" is from the looking-glass world. There is a dream's inconsequence. It bumbles

Goodwin, who acts the part so loyally at the Arts, in the days far ahead when he becomes, I imagine, Dean Spalding and a man of credit and renown.

Leaving the Carroll dream-theory for a moment, it is undeniable that "The Private Secretary," said

should use the plural, I think—and the present Arts director, Hugh Miller, work on the principle that something must be happening all the time. If the farce hesitates, it is lost. And it never hesitates. Spalding "from one sorrow to another thrown," is usually on the floor, behind the curtains, crushed under a table, rammed into a box, or—as at the end—tied ignominiously to a chair. Harold Goodwin both manages the acrobatics and wears the goloshes as if long used to them; moreover, he has cut out the comic-curate moan that used to blot the piece. Cattermole (Richard Wordsworth), with his passion for wild oats, is an entire tulgey wood-cum-Jabberwock in himself; he gleams and bristles and roars through the night, pouncing on the curate, holding him up for inspection like a rare beetle, and dropping him again; and all others in the cast (Viola Lyel in mild enquiry; Lloyd Pearson like a time-bomb waiting for the hour) help along the scuffle with—if I may say so—the correct demented relish.

After Spalding, Alice. It is the most reasonable thing in the world. We find Alice at present in the Princes Theatre (this is where "The Private Secretary" began its London life during 1884). The new version, confined solely to the looking-glass world, is by Felicity Douglas, and it is done faithfully, even to the train, and to the Sheep in the rowing-boat.

I have a sentimental affection for Alice, whom I met first in the provinces only a hundred yards or so from another theatre where I discovered Spalding and his chat-tels. The "Alice" version (of both the books) was my own; it could not have been produced with more glee than by the late Bernard Copping on his handbox Repertory stage. Memory lingers upon such a mellow creation as Vernon Harris's White Knight, and upon the masks designed by Peter Goffin (now at the top of his particular tree). One discovery I made then has been confirmed at the Princes. There is little theatrical laughter in "Alice." One listens to the familiar lines, contented, smiling, seldom laughing aloud. "Things flow about here!" as Alice herself observes. In trying to catch them, there is no time for the noisier mirth.

Laughter at the Princes ("Alice Through the Looking Glass") is a salute to a covey of comic



"THE SPALDING DREAM—AND THIS IS REMARKABLE—WAS NEW TO MANY IN THE FIRST AUDIENCE AT THE ARTS THEATRE. FOR THEM THE TORMENTED CURATE WAS NOTHING MORE THAN A DIM LEGEND": "THE PRIVATE SECRETARY," BY CHARLES HAWTREY, SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH THE REV. ROBERT SPALDING (HAROLD GOODWIN) REFUSES TO BE PARTED FROM HIS "GOODS AND CHAT-TELS." BEHIND THE PROSTRATE CURATE CAN BE SEEN (L. TO R.) MRS. STEAD (JOSEPHINE MIDDLETON), HARRY MARSLAND (JONATHAN MIDDINGS) AND DOUGLAS CATTERMOLLE (TOM COLMER).

to have been adapted—and we give a short, harsh laugh—from "Der Bibliotheker" by a German, Von Moser, was produced at the Princes early in 1884.

It had had an earlier trial (often forgotten) at Cambridge in the previous year, with Arthur Helmore, later a popular entertainer, as Spalding. Still, the young Herbert Tree acted the little man in the day-break of Spalding's London life; and, with his inventive gagging, he is reported to have added as much to the farce as Charles Hawtreay, who adapted it. The odd thing is that it did badly at first; Tree disliked the part. He soon came out. When "The Private Secretary" reopened, at the Globe, less than two months after its Princes production, W. S. Penley took over Spalding and turned the goloshes, the bath-bun and the rest into his own prized possessions.

The formlessness of the piece has surprised newcomers. During the last decade we have been used to the revived farces of Pinero: "The Magistrate," and its superb restaurant scene; "The Schoolmistress" ("It is

an embarrassing thing to break a bust in the house of comparative strangers"); "Dandy Dick," the complexity of the Dean, the spire, and the noble animal; and even an early effort, "In Chancery." Beside these farces, cunningly constructed and based, "The Private Secretary" does seem to be just a gallimaufry of gagging. Somehow, it amuses; probably because it never stops. The authors—one



"SOMEHOW, IT AMUSES; PROBABLY BECAUSE IT NEVER STOPS": "THE PRIVATE SECRETARY" (ARTS), SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH THE MASQUERADING SECRETARY (TOM COLMER) GIVES A LESSON TO THE GIRLS, EDITH MARSLAND (CLAIRE POLLOCK) AND EVA WEBSTER (CHARMIAN EYRE—RIGHT), WHILE THE GOVERNESS, MISS ASHFORD (VIOLA LYEL—LEFT), ACTS AS CHAPERON. THE PLAY IS PRODUCED BY HUGH MILLER, WITH SETTINGS BY RONALD BROWN, AND COSTUMES DESIGNED BY MICHAEL ELLIS.

as it comes. We are safe from receiving sense on the sly. The Spalding dream—and this is remarkable—was new to many in the first audience at the Arts Theatre. For them the tormented curate was nothing more than a dim legend. Certainly he has not peered into the West End for some time; but I thought everyone knew Spalding, heart of an ageless farce, the play that has never grown up. He has moved deprecatingly through my theatrical memories since I first entered a pit door—or shall I say that he has been thrown through my memories headlong? In the background is the thud of a falling body, the squeak of an expostulating voice. That is Spalding; m'yes. He is, in the farce, a "mimsy" man which, as all who know their "Jabberwocky" will cry in enthusiasm, means flimsy and miserable. Yet this is not his natural temperament. Spalding, I feel, is capable of great things: it is a pity that we cannot see Harold



"IF THE FARCE HESITATES, SPALDING 'FROM ONE SORROW TO ANOTHER THROWN,' IS USUALLY ON THE FLOOR, BEHIND THE CURTAINS, CRUSHED UNDER A TABLE, RAMMED INTO A BOX, OR—AS AT THE END—TIED IGNOMINIOUSLY TO A CHAIR": "THE PRIVATE SECRETARY," SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH THE BAILIFF KNOX (DUDLEY JONES) SERVES A WRIT ON THE UNHAPPY CURATE (HAROLD GOODWIN) BENEATH THE EYES OF MISS ASHFORD (VIOLA LYEL) AND MR. CATTERMOLLE (RICHARD WORDSWORTH).

personalities: Binnie Hale's Red Queen, an immensely genteel headmistress with a whinny; Margaret Rutherford, fluttering and bumbling, the White Queen's wits loose about her; and Michael Denison, gravely melancholy as a miraculous White Knight (or White Spalding). He acts two or three other parts as well; it is the Knight that lingers.

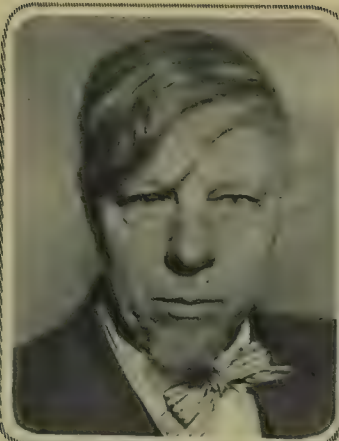
The version has proper respect for Carroll and Tenniel. I wish (peevisly) that Miss Douglas had omitted the wholly unfelicitous extra lyrics. And on the morning after the production I found myself asking again why, in any theatrical "Alice," it appears always to be jam yesterday, jam to-morrow, but hardly ever jam to-day. Alice, where art thou? Thanks to Carol Marsh, she is charmingly present at the Princes, but I meet her, more happily, in her own text.

Moving under skies
Never seen by waking eyes.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE PRIVATE SECRETARY" (Arts Theatre Club).—He is the Reverend Robert Spalding. He brings with him his goods and chat-tels, his bath-bun, his goloshes. His job, so he feels, is to be secretary in a private asylum. Nothing of the sort; it is a country house, but we can hardly blame the poor man, with Cattermole looming volcanically above him. The old farce tumbles cheerfully across the Arts stage; Harold Goodwin is its meekly enduring Spalding, and Richard Wordsworth is several sizes larger than life. (February 3.) "ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS" (Princes).—Binnie Hale, Margaret Rutherford, Michael Denison, Carol Marsh—it ought to succeed, and now then it does (Felicity Douglas is true to Carroll). It is hardly everything we had hoped; but "Alice" has always come diffidently to the theatre, and it would be unkind not to recognise at least the gallantry of this attempt to keep the party going. (February 9.) "WERTHER" (Sadler's Wells).—Massenet's opera, carefully revived. (February 9.)

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



ELECTED AN R.A.: MR. JAMES FITTON.

Mr. James Fitton, painter, one of the newly-elected Royal Academicians, has been an A.R.A. since 1944. He is a member of the London Group, and an Exhibitor at the New English Art Club and Contemporary Modern Art Exhibitions; and is represented by works in the British Museum and in the Victoria and Albert Museum.



ELECTED AN R.A.: MR. RODRIGO MOYNIHAN.

Mr. R. Moynihan, painter, elected a Royal Academician, was born in 1910 and has been an A.R.A. since 1944. He studied at the Slade School, 1928-31. A member of the London Group since 1933, he was Official War Artist, 1943-44. He is Professor of Painting, Royal College of Art.



ELECTED AN R.A.: MR. RUSKIN SPEAR.

Mr. Ruskin Spear, painter, elected a Royal Academician, was born in 1911, and elected an A.R.A. in 1944. He was President of the London Group, 1949-50; is a visiting teacher at the St. Martin's School of Art and the Royal College of Art, and his paintings have been purchased by the Chantrey Bequest, the Arts Council, etc.



ELECTED AN R.A.: MR. CHARLES TUNNICLIFFE.

Mr. Tunnicliffe, one of the five new R.A.s elected on February 9, was born in 1901; educated at Macclesfield and Manchester Schools of Art; and elected an A.R.A. in 1944. He is a painter, engraver and book illustrator. His publications include "My Country Book," 1942, and "Bird Portraiture," 1945.



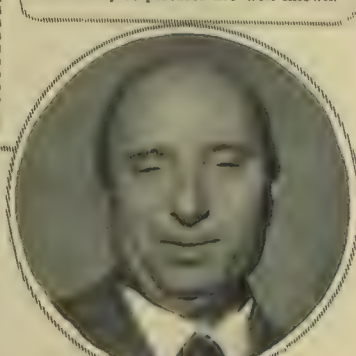
ELECTED AN R.A.: MR. EDWARD LE BAS.

Mr. Edward Le Bas, painter, who has been elected a Royal Academician, was born in 1904, and elected an A.R.A. in 1943. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge; became an Associate of the Royal College of Art (London) in 1928 and a member of the London Group, 1942. His portrait and subject pictures are well known.



TO BE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR CENTRAL AFRICA: SIR G. RENNIE.

Sir Gilbert Rennie, who has been Governor of Northern Rhodesia since 1948, is to be the first High Commissioner in London for the newly-formed Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Before going to Northern Rhodesia he was Chief Secretary in Kenya, and has served also in Ceylon and the Gold Coast.



NEW PRIME MINISTER OF ITALY: SIGNOR SCELBA.

Signor Mario Scelba, who succeeded on February 10 in forming a new Government following the resignation of Signor Fanfani on January 31, is fifty-three, and has been a prominent figure in most Italian Governments since the war. He was Minister of the Interior in all the De Gasperi Governments, 1948-1953.



IN BERLIN FOR THE FOUR-POWER TALKS: DR. FIGL (RIGHT), AUSTRIAN FOREIGN MINISTER.

The Austrian Foreign Minister, Dr. Leopold Figl, who is seen above talking to his country's Ambassador to the U.S.S.R., Hr. Bischoff, has been taking part in the Four-Power talks in Berlin whilst the subject of an Austrian Treaty has been under discussion.



HONOURED BY THE GRAND VIZIER OF SPANISH MOROCCO: GENERAL FRANCO (RIGHT).

The Grand Vizier and Khalifan officials of the Spanish Zone of Morocco, who are on a visit to Madrid to express in person the loyalty of their people to Spain, were received on February 9 by General Franco, and bestowed on him the decoration of the Gold Medal of Tetuan.



DIED ON FEBRUARY 5: MR. G. E. LODGE.

Mr. George Edward Lodge, F.Z.S., the eminent bird painter and authority on falconry, who was ninety-three, was elected in 1945 Vice-President of the British Ornithologists' Union, the first and only artist to be so honoured, and the following year published his only book, "Memoirs of an Artist Naturalist."



VISITING INDO-CHINA: M. PLEVEN, FRENCH DEFENCE MINISTER (LEFT), ON ARRIVAL IN VIET NAM.

M. René Pleven, who left Paris by air on February 7 for a fortnight's tour of Indo-China, is seen above being greeted by the Viet Namee Prime Minister, Prince Buu Loc. On February 14 M. Pleven visited the defence preparations of Laos' capital, Luang Prabang.

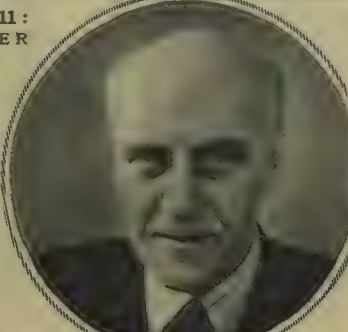


RULER OF THREATENED LAOS: KING SISAVANG VONG.

On February 1 Viet-minh rebels crossed the frontier into Northern Laos and advanced upon the capital, Luang Prabang. In spite of determined resistance, the rebels reached, by Feb. 12, the outskirts of the city. King Sisavang Vong of Laos announced his intention of remaining in the capital.

DIED ON FEBRUARY 11: MR. ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

Mr. Alexander Anderson, who collapsed and died during a meeting of the Scottish Grand Committee at Westminster on Feb. 11, was sixty-five. He had been Labour M.P. for the Motherwell Division of Lanarkshire since 1945. Before entering Parliament he had been a schoolmaster for 24 years.



RECEIVING THE QUEEN'S MEDAL FROM FIELD MARSHAL LORD ALEXANDER: JUNIOR UNDER-OFFICER A. T. HEATLY.

The Sovereign's Parade of nearly 800 cadets at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, on February 11, was taken by Field Marshal Lord Alexander, Minister of Defence, and he congratulated Junior Under-Officer A. T. Heatly, on presenting him with the Queen's Medal.

NEWS FROM HOME AND ABROAD: A CAMERA RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.



GENERAL HULL (LEFT), U.N. COMMANDER, SAYING FAREWELL TO LIEUT.-GEN. THIMAYYA (SECOND FROM LEFT), THE INDIAN CHAIRMAN OF THE NEUTRAL NATIONS REPATRIATION COMMITTEE. On February 9 the first 1600 troops of the Indian custodian force of the neutral zone at Panmunjom sailed for India from Inchon, in West Korea; and on February 7 the Commander and officers of the Commonwealth Division entertained a number of Indian officers, including the G.O.C. of the Indian force, Major-General S. P. Thorat (extreme right). A silver plaque, a token of respect and admiration, was presented to the Indian force by the Commonwealth Division.



THE MINISTER OF HEALTH, MR. MCLEOD (CENTRE), ADDRESSING A CONFERENCE ON CANCER AND SMOKING. (LEFT) SIR JOHN CHARLES AND (RIGHT) SIR HAROLD HIMSWORTH. Mr. McLeod's statement in the Commons is reported elsewhere in this issue. He repeated the statement at a Press Conference, at which Sir John Charles, Chief Medical Officer to the Ministry of Health, also spoke, and Sir Harold Himsworth, Secretary of the Medical Research Council. Mr. McLeod emphasised that alarmist conclusions should not be drawn from the statement, as the evidence was complicated by other factors. Tobacco firms have allotted £250,000 for further research.



BEING PULLED ASHORE IN A WHALER BY FIVE CAPTAINS: VICE-ADMIRAL W. W. DAVIS, RETIRING FLAG OFFICER SECOND-IN-COMMAND, MEDITERRANEAN.

On February 11, Vice-Admiral W. W. Davis relinquished his appointment as Flag Officer Second-in-Command and Flag Officer Air, Mediterranean, to become Vice-Chief of Naval Staff and, acting as coxswain, was pulled ashore in a whaler from his flagship, *Gambia*, in Grand Harbour, Malta, by five captains. They are (looking forward) Captain G. K. Collett, Captain R. E. Washbourn, Captain R. M. Smeeton, Captain R. B. N. Hicks and Captain P. W. Gretton.



THE GREAT ORGAN OF ST. JAMES'S CHURCH, PICCADILLY, WHICH HAS RECENTLY BEEN RESTORED TO ITS POSITION ABOVE THE GALLERY.

On October 14, 1940, St. James's Church, Piccadilly, was badly damaged in an air-raid and the roof almost entirely destroyed. Most fortunately, however, the organ-cases were saved. Now, after nine years of labour, the church has been restored and the great organ is back in its place above the gallery. It is expected that the church will be re-dedicated next June, and that H.M. Queen Elizabeth will attend the ceremony.



NEW UNIFORMS FOR THE WOMEN'S ROYAL AIR FORCE: (LEFT TO RIGHT) NEW OFFICER'S, NEW TROPICAL, AND NEW N.C.O.'S UNIFORM.

On February 11, the Air Ministry announced that women in the W.R.A.F. are to have new uniforms. These have been designed by Mr. Victor Stiebel. The jacket of the new No. 1 home dress is shorter, more waisted and the shoulders less square. There are two pockets below the waist. The skirt is slightly flared and in six panels. The tropical uniform is in cotton tussore of a biscuit shade, and will be worn for the first time at Aden, when the Queen arrives there.



A HAPPY LITTLE PRINCESS RETURNS TO LONDON WITH HER GRANDMOTHER AND HER AUNT: TWO VIEWS OF PRINCESS ANNE, SITTING BETWEEN QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET, IN THE CAR WHICH BROUGHT THEM FROM KING'S CROSS STATION TO CLARENCE HOUSE.

On February 9 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne returned to Clarence House, London, from Sandringham, where they had been staying



since December 23. For the time being the Duke and his little sister will be staying at their grandmother's London home, Clarence House, which was their home before their mother's accession in 1952.

A RUBBER DINGHY FOR ICE RESCUES.



PROPELLING THEMSELVES ALONG THE ICE BY MEANS OF LIGHT METAL PADDLES WITH SPIKES : GERMAN POLICE TESTING THE NEW ICE-RESCUE RUBBER DINGHY ON SLEDGE-RUNNERS.



BEING PULLED BACK TO SHORE OVER THE ICE BY MEANS OF A WIRE ROPE OPERATED FROM A LORRY : GERMAN POLICE IN THE RESCUE DINGHY FITTED ON TO A SKELETON SLEDGE.



SHOWING THE SKELETON SLEDGE ON TO WHICH IT IS FITTED AND THE LIGHT METAL PADDLES FITTED WITH SPIKES FOR PROPELLING IT ALONG THE ICE : A NEAR VIEW OF THE ICE-RESCUE CRAFT TESTED RECENTLY BY A SPECIAL BRANCH OF LÜBECK POLICE.

A new craft designed to facilitate rescue of persons from ice-covered rivers or lakes has recently been tried out by a special branch of Lübeck police. The craft is a rubber rescue dinghy resembling those airmen use, but it is fitted on to a skeleton sledge and provided with special light metal paddles with spiked ends. These enable it to be propelled along over or among the ice at considerable speed ; and it makes the return journey to shore by being hauled in by a wire rope operated from a lorry. The runners of the sledge on which it is fitted allow it to be pulled over the ice without any difficulty. The Lübeck police who made the test recently rescued a dummy figure which represented a person who had fallen into the water through the broken ice.

U.S. COAST GUARD RESCUE OF A DOG.

During the recent wintry weather in the United States, a dog became marooned on the broken ice in the Chicago River. Efforts to reach it from shore were in vain, and the wretched animal stood shivering on an ever-diminishing piece of floating ice. Help, however, was summoned in the form of a cutter of the Coast Guard, and it took the combined efforts of three stalwart men to haul the animal from the freezing water into which it had fallen. It was then handed over to an official of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The United States Coast Guard, whose beginnings date from 1790, serves as the federal police force and protector of life and property on the seas and navigable waters of the United States.



COAST GUARD CUTTER TO THE RESCUE : A DOG MAROONED ON THE BROKEN ICE IN CHICAGO RIVER POSED ON A FLOATING FRAGMENT OF ICE AS ASSISTANCE COMES BY BOAT.



A PERILOUS EXHIBITION OF ACROBATIC SKILL BY THREE UNITED STATES COAST GUARDS : BY THE TIME THE CUTTER REACHED THE DOG THE ANIMAL HAD FALLEN INTO THE WATER.



SAFE IN THE CARE OF AN OFFICIAL OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS : THE RESCUED ANIMAL WRAPPED IN A COUPLE OF COATS.

JET AIRCRAFT OF THE R.A.F., AND NATURAL FORCES IN HOSTILE MOOD.



A STRANGE DISPLAY OF NATURAL FORCES IN HOSTILE MOOD: THE MOVING MOUNTAIN-SIDE AT BLAINA, MONMOUTHSHIRE, WHICH THREATENED TO ENGULF TWELVE COTTAGES.



WATCHING THE APPROACH OF A GREAT MOUND OF STONES, MUD, EARTH AND TUFTED GRASS: INHABITANTS OF THE THREATENED COTTAGES CONSIDERING THE POSITION.



PLACING A MARKER TO CHECK THE PACE OF THE ENCROACHING EARTH MOVEMENT AT BLAINA: ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLDERS OF THE THREATENED COTTAGES.

Twelve cottages on the mountainside at Blaina, Monmouthshire, are in jeopardy from a curious demonstration of the sinister power of natural forces. The mountain is in a state of mobility, and masses of earth sodden with water, tufted grass and stones, are moving relentlessly in the direction of these houses, whose inhabitants watched the landslide with concern. Some of them have been attempting to arrest the movement by digging trenches through which it was hoped to drain off water and reduce pressure; but so much rain has fallen that the whole area is waterlogged and no good result followed the excavations. The twelve cottages near the landslide are not the only buildings threatened; anxiety is also felt for some Council houses 100 yards further down the slope. The cottages, mostly owner-occupied, were evacuated on February 10. A fleet of vehicles carried away all furniture and effects; and the Urban Council has made arrangements for storing goods which householders could not arrange to take with them. Most of the evacuated people went to stay with relations. The question of rehousing them is under consideration.



THE WRECK OF THE 609-TON TRAWLER *LAFOREY*, OF GRIMSBY, WITH THE FEARED LOSS OF THE CREW OF TWENTY: THE VESSEL CAPSIZED ON A REEF NEAR FLORØ.

On February 7 SOS signals were received from the Grimsby trawler *Laforey*, commanded by Mr. W. Mogg, D.S.C., M.B.E., followed by the news that she was capsizing. She was found by Norwegian lifeboats upside down on a reef near Florø, Western Norway, with no sign of the crew of twenty, who are believed to have been all lost. Search vessels took twelve hours to find the wreckage.



AN UNUSUAL MIXED FORMATION OF JET AIRCRAFT: (TOP TO BOTTOM) *SEA HAWK*, *ATTACKER*, *METEOR F.8*, *METEOR T.7*, *SABRE*, *VENOM N.F.2* AND *METEOR N.F.11*.

These jet aircraft are being flown by pilots of the R.A.F. Central Fighter Establishment. The first *Meteor F.8* flew on October 12, 1948; the *Meteor N. F. 11*, two-seat night fighter, first flew in May 1950; the *Meteor T.7* is a two-seat trainer version of the M.4. The *Venom N.F.2* is a two-seater night and all-weather fighter for the R.A.F.



THE FLOODS IN ROME: THE ISOLA TIBERINA PARTLY COVERED WITH THE WATERS OF THE TIBER, WITH RUBBER DINGHIES OF THE ROME POLICE MOORED TO THE PARAPET IN CASE OF EMERGENCY.

Floods in Italy have threatened villages in the Po delta and the swollen waters of the Tiber have partly covered the Isola Tiberina, Rome. Our photograph indicates the height to which the river has risen and shows, moored to the parapet of the building in the centre, rubber police rescue dinghies held in readiness for emergencies.

NEW AMERICAN AIRCRAFT, G.P.O. SECURITY METHODS, AND OTHER NEWS IN PHOTOGRAPHS.



A NEW SINGLE-SEAT JET FIGHTER FOR THE U.S. NAVY: THE MCDONNELL F3H DEMON, TAKING OFF ON ITS FIRST ACTIVE-DUTY FLIGHT. THE PRODUCTION MODEL IS FITTED WITH THE ALLISON J71 TURBOJET ENGINE, BUT NO FURTHER DETAILS ARE YET AVAILABLE.



LOOKING LIKE THE "SPACEMEN" OF SCIENCE-FICTION: THE PILOT AND RADAR OPERATOR OF ONE OF THE U.S. AIR FORCE'S NORTHROP F-80D SCORPIONS. THIS AIRCRAFT IS A POWERFULLY-ARMED FIGHTER, WITH WING-TIP PODS CARRYING FOLDING-FIN AIR-TO-AIR ROCKETS.



DUNSTER CASTLE, SOMERSET, RESOLD BY THE COMMISSIONERS OF CROWN LANDS TO MR. GEOFFREY LUTTRELL, WHOSE FAMILY HAVE OWNED IT SINCE 1376. Mr. Luttrell, whose family have owned Dunster Castle since 1376, sold it and the greater part of the estate in 1950 to a development company. Later in that year the Commissioners of Crown Lands bought the Castle and about 8000 acres of agricultural land. They have now resold the Castle and 50 acres back to Mr. Luttrell.



THE "SAFE" COMPARTMENT FOR MAILS ON A SOUTHERN REGION TRAIN, WITH A WINDOW IN THE END THROUGH WHICH THE GUARD CAN KEEP OBSERVATION. In the House of Lords on February 11 the Postmaster-General, Earl De La Warr, spoke on the tightening of Post Office security to meet the threat of mail robberies. Among new methods that have been discussed are specially reinforced vans and mail cages (like the above) on corridor trains.



A DANISH DEVICE FOR "SMOKING" TEN CIGARETTES, THE SMOKE BEING PASSED THROUGH COTTON TO COLLECT THE TAR, NOW SUSPECTED OF CAUSING LUNG CANCER.



IN A DANISH RESEARCH LABORATORY: A SCIENTIST HOLDING A BOWL CONTAINING 40 GRAMMES OF TOBACCO TAR—THE PRODUCT OF ABOUT 4000 CIGARETTES.

Research in many countries, linking smoking and lung cancer, has led to a statement in the Commons by Mr. McLeod, Minister of Health, that a "relationship" between smoking and cancer of the lung "must be regarded as established," and that although there is a presumption that the relationship is causal, there is evidence that it is not a simple one.



MR. TONY STREVEVS (RIGHT), A TWENTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD FARM MANAGER, WHO DROVE OFF THE ATTACK OF TWENTY MAU MAU TERRORISTS ON THE FARM OF MRS. NORDLINGER (LEFT).

On February 9 about twenty Mau Mau terrorists made an attack on the coffee farm (about 30 miles from Nairobi) of Mrs. Nordlinger, who is seen here with her daughter, Mrs. Mather, and her three-year-old granddaughter. The terrorists killed one of two Kenya Police Reserve Africans and stole his rifle. Mr. Stevens rushed from the guest-house with his rifle and after a twenty-minute fight drove off the raid. The terrorists attacked, screaming and blowing whistles, and at one point Mr. Stevens, who has been in Kenya less than a year, had to crawl back to the guest-house for more ammunition.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

TO me one of the strangest facts of life is the tendency to write novels about Shakespeare. People not only do it, they keep on doing it. And yet one might suppose that in default of instinct—no theme could be more patently untouchable—reason would scare them off. In an imagined tale, any historic figures are a liability; for then we can't believe in it. Genius invokes a double curse; and as for Shakespeare—why pick on him, if he is not going to be Shakespeare? And, on the other hand, how can he possibly be Shakespeare? Not on the scraps of evidence—it doesn't show; nor through the writer's art, without a miracle. Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat; the only way to invent Shakespeare is to be Shakespearean. In other words, it is a hopeless job. Perhaps the least misguided effort I have ever seen was a romantic fairy-tale, with Shakespeare-Prospero as its magician.

"The Alderman's Son," by Gerald Bullett (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), is naturally on a higher level. It is full of grace, and would be charming if the hero were made up. Only in that event it would be pointless; "Shaxper" has definitely to be Shaxper, by whatever name. But why, then, the transparent camouflage? Because, says Mr. Bullett, "To think of 'Shakespeare' apart from his works is to-day all but impossible." Yet in this book he is a child, a "private person," ignorant of the works to come. So he had better be called Shaxper—though, to be sure, "we cannot see him so unless we imaginatively cut ourselves off from the future."

As this is not designed; as, on the contrary, what he will some day write is being foreshadowed, or even quoted verbally, at every turn, one can't quite follow the idea. However: here we are shown his possible beginnings. The six-months infant on a journey to escape the plague; the little boy at home; the first day at the grammar-school; the sight of Queen Elizabeth at Warwick, and of the strolling players at the Bear; and then the youth, graced with employment as a secretary in a noble house, loving above his star, fleeing from a vain romance and a too-formidable Venus—and at the end, sealed and delivered to Anne Hathaway. Most of the story is fictitious; but it is very carefully embedded in the age. It has an atmosphere of current events, and a whole flow of period quotation—a nursery rhyme, a paragraph of the old Bible, a chunk of the Recorder's speech at Warwick, bits of archaic repertory, and I don't know what. These fragments have their own appeal, but they do turn the book into a rather charming little "Shakespeare's England for those of meaner capacity." As for Will Shaxper—he is attractive, he is not impossible, but he is very faint.

OTHER FICTION.

"Lover Under Another Name," by Ethel Mannin (Jarrolds; 12s. 6d.), has no such delicate approach; nor is its artist anything like Shakespeare. Tom Rowse, a poor boy from a Greenwich slum, is both a saint in embryo and an uncouth, incorrigible doctrinaire. Blake, anarchism and Mammon are his fixed ideas, formed in the dawn of life, and quite unaltered by experience. And next to Blake, he venerates a dead young sculptor named Brenovski. Tom, like Brenovski, is a wood-carver; and since the dead man worked in Paris, it becomes holy ground, and draws him on a pilgrimage of fourteen years. Most of this time is spent by "Mr. T. Rowse" on the bread-line. (He wields the pen himself; but he is rather fond of these obliquities.) If he had had a labour permit, even a *carte d'identité*, it would have eased the strain; but then it would have been a compromise with Satan. However, he gets by; and there are kind girls to befriend him, and be carved in wood. Tom is infallibly content with his own works—such as the little cat, which "makes him feel gay just to look at it," and of which Jimmy the barman says: "I don't call that bud, though I'm not partial to owls meself."

But Tom, of course, has the right view. And one day it is taken up; Paris and want give place to London and celebrity. Yet Tom is neither mellowed nor corrupted; he is the same intractable Diogenes, despising sweets and cleaving doggedly to the old tub. Till in the end—after the war, and as the last act of a bitter love-affair—he is struck down, like Saul of Tarsus, by a revelation. He must renounce his art, "live in a slum room on the minimum of food," and thus atone for the world's misery.

The final choice, the saint's uncompromising gesture, has a profound appeal. But there is no development. Tom—unlike Saul, who had been persecuting Christians—has only one set of ideas. He is not even tempted by the world, and could have chosen sanctity at any moment, once the book was long enough. Though it is highly vigorous in detail, this lack of drama, and the unmodulated ranting style, make it at last a burden to get through.

"The Mummurs," by Max Catto (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), is a much lighter story of a lighter art—that of the Edwardian music-hall. Rachel, at thirty-eight, has firmly, jollily arrived. She started as an East End guttersnipe; now she is queen of the Granada, with an adoring public, and a devoted inner circle—Harry, the little manager who is her husband; Steven, the lover of her youth, and Leo Kortner, the Viennese who writes her songs. With these three at her back, she fears no foe—and certainly not Jennie Riggs, a frail and bosomy young climber, with Circassian airs and not a spark of talent. Jennie's audition is a shambles. But she is far from through; next, she applies herself to the three men, till all are miserably suborned. A nice, dramatic tale, with glamour thoroughly assumed, and heartiness unstinted.

"The Frightened Fiancée," by George Harmon Cox (Hammond; 9s. 6d.), starts with a bad shock for the hero. John is in love with Tracy Lawrence, and she has all but promised to be his in thirty days. Returning two days early from a business trip, he can't resist a look at her, and goes down to her summer home. There he is taken for a wedding guest; she is about to marry Roger Drake, a flashy undesirable from nowhere. Early next morning, the bridegroom is shot dead. It is a pleasant story of its type; action abounds, only I thought the murderer was out of key.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

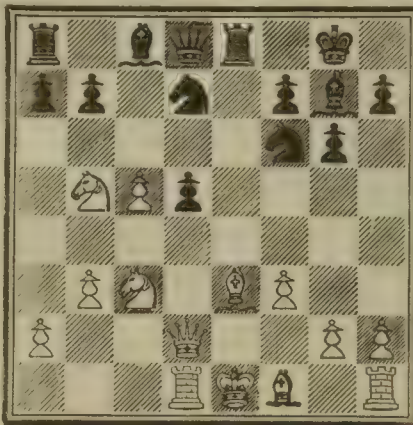
TWO beautiful short games played recently in Germany—a country which has certainly played its part in the evolution of chess:

KING'S INDIAN DEFENCE.

DOBIS	ALSTER	DOBIS	ALSTER
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	7. Kt-K2	QKt-Q2
2. P-QB4	P-KKt3	8. Q-Q2	Kt-Kt3!
3. Kt-QB3	B-Kt2	9. P-QKt3	P-B3
4. P-K4	P-Q3	10. QR-Q1	P×P
5. P-B3	Castles	11. Kt×P	P-Q4!
6. B-K3	P-K4		

Rendered playable here by Black's eighth move which attacked White's queen's bishop pawn and provided an additional guard for Black's Q4 square, this move... P-Q4 almost invariably frees Black's game completely in this opening, if it can be safely played at all.

Setting a horrid little trap. If White now plays the "obvious" 15. Kt-Q6, he gets into trouble: 15... P-Q5! 16. Kt×R, Q×Kt; 17. Q×P, Kt-Kt5 (attacking the queen); 18. Q×Kt, Q×Bch; 19. Kt-K2, B-B6ch, forcing 20. R-Q2, as White's knight is pinned.



15. K-B2 Kt-K4 16. Kt×QP? Black threatened to check on Kk5 twice, then take the bishop on his K6. That 16. Kt×QP? is not the right way to meet this threat soon becomes evident.

16. Kt(K4)-Kt5ch! 17. K-Kt1 Because if 17. P×Kt, then 17... Kt-K5ch would win White's queen! It is all over.

17. Kt×B 18. Kt×KKtch Or 18. Kt×Kt(K3), Q×Q; 19. R×Q, R×Kt. 18. Q×Kt 20. R×Kt Q×QBP 19. R-K1 Q-QB3! Resigns. For if 21. K-B2, B-R3.

PIRC'S DEFENCE

KUPPER	MAIER	KUPPER	MAIER
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-K4	P-Q3	6. P-B4	P×P?
2. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	7. QP×P	P-QB3
3. Kt-QB3	P-KKt3	8. B-B4	Q-R4
4. B-KKt5	B-Kt2	9. Kt-B3	Kt-B4
5. P-K5	KKt-Q2	10. B×KP!	

Once White finds this clever move, exposing the king in the middle of the board, the rest of the game plays itself.

10. K×B 14. KR-K1 B-R3 11. Q-Q6ch K-K1 15. P-K6! P×P 12. Kt-KKt5 R-B1 16. Kt×KP B×Kt 13. Castles (Q) B-B4 17. R×Bch Resigns

WE have in our own history nothing quite like the *Grand Siècle*, and no monarch quite like Louis XIV. Charles II., we may believe, would have been as bright as, if not actually brighter than the Sun King, but for the dimming effect of his father's execution and his own exile. The Civil War and the Great Rebellion spared us the Revolution, but they also denied us what Mr. W. H. Lewis calls "The Splendid Century" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 25s.). This study of the reign of Louis XIV. is not historically continuous, but presents the life of the age and the various estates of the realm in a series of pictures, not omitting such grim contrasts as are afforded by the prisons and the galleys, and touching on the life of the spirit and the intellect as well as on the arts, amusements and social conventions. At the end of each chapter Mr. Lewis prints an impressive bibliography—as well he may, since the age is one that has been very fully documented and commented. He has covered a great deal of ground, and if he has not given us much that is new, that is not to say that his book does not fulfil a useful purpose, since it offers a true conspectus of the period, and is written in an attractive and interesting manner. I was puzzled at times to decide what type of reader Mr. Lewis was intending to cater for. The work is a Book Society recommendation, and for the most part Mr. Lewis appears to have had that purposeful audience in view, and to write with the grace and flow of an historian who is addressing if not his equals, at least those who can dispense with the more elementary type of explanation. At other times he adopts the technique of the compiler of school text-books, as, for instance, when he conscientiously adds, between brackets, the dates of new characters as he introduces them. In other words, this is magnificent, but it is not Bryant; there is something missing somewhere. Yet Mr. Lewis possesses two of the first requisites of the historian: curiosity and just discernment. In his chapter on the Church, for instance, he is conspicuously fair in describing the Jansenist and the Quietist controversies, incidentally showing that he has completely understood these two far from simple issues. He points out, with great acumen, that Protestant historians have tended to be biased in favour of Jansenism, as exhibiting all the symptoms of a Protestant movement within the Church of Rome, but that this is a wholly fallacious attitude. I like particularly Mr. Lewis's chapter on "Female Education," where we learn the somewhat surprising fact that Madame de Maintenon was a pioneer in this field, and can be described as a "school-mistress with a frustrated vocation." Such an instance of a wolf yearning for sheep's clothing is a strange reversal of all that the modern psychologists have been preaching to us for so many years, and I find it rather comforting. (Who, in fact, is a Freud of the big, bad wolf?) I also enjoyed Fénelon's catalogue of the radical faults of the Frenchwoman: "unscrupulousness, dissimulation, affected timidity, gushing friendships, jealousy and mistaking garrulity for an overflowing wit." (I am not sure that this list is especially characteristic of the Splendid Century, or even of Frenchwomen as distinct from their sisters of other countries.)

Mr. Lewis's work ranges widely, but Mr. John W. Dodds' "The Age of Paradox" (Gollancz; 22s. 6d.), which is considerably longer and heavier—in physical ounces, not in intellectual digestibility!—covers the ten years in England between 1841 and 1851. Mr. Dodds justifies his title of paradox. He describes the period as "an Age of Bewilderment, an Age of Hope, an Age of Anxiety, an Age of Accomplishment, an Age of Enthusiasm, an Age of Desperation," and all these characteristics emerge very clearly from his careful and penetrating survey. He makes, of course, the vitally important point that during 1848, the "year of revolutions," England was lucky to escape with the Chartist riots and the perennial Irish problem; but I wonder if he has stressed our "escape"—a word which very properly appears in his chapter-heading—sufficiently? It is arguable that our comparative immunity in 1792 and in 1848 did more to stabilise our history than anything which has since occurred in the history of Europe. For the rest, this is a fascinating study, lavishly and intelligently illustrated, of the final stresses and strains before the Victorian Era started to sail smoothly over calm seas.

A third excellent book of history and travel—the best, I would say, of this week's batch—is Mr. Wilfred Blunt's "Pietro's Pilgrimage" (James Barrie; 21s.). Sufficient justice has not been done to early travellers, except to those whose journeys have become classics. Pietro della Valle did not penetrate very far afield, but he knew the Near East and parts of India better than any of his seventeenth-century contemporaries, and he wrote of them "accurately and voluminously"—too voluminously, indeed, and that comprises a large part of the debt which we owe to Mr. Blunt for his skilful editing. At the Court of Shah Abbas, Pietro was fascinated by polo, which he distinguishes from the contemporary version of football by describing it as "far nobler." Pietro must have been one of the most enchanting of travel companions (since one cannot now call them "fellow-travellers"), and Mr. Blunt brings out his quality with great skill.

Mr. Peter Mayne is a modern traveller, who tells us about "The Alleys of Marrakesh" (John Murray; 15s.). His story is essentially personal, but since he has a good eye for people and things, and can re-tell a good story, his book gives the reader an atmosphere which it would be difficult to acquire from the work of a less subjective chronicler. His "alleys" are, indeed, *coulisses*, in the third or fourth meaning of the French term—and none the less interesting or enjoyable for that! I have never suffered from any severe attack of balletomania, but I read with pleasure and appreciation Mr. Richard Buckle's "The Adventures of a Ballet Critic" (Cresset; 21s.). The paradoxical impression which this book left with me is that ballet, in its own fashion, represents an odd focus of stability in our shifting and unstable world. The ivory of this particular tower appears to be portable. It is a strange discovery to have made, and I am grateful to Mr. Buckle for it.

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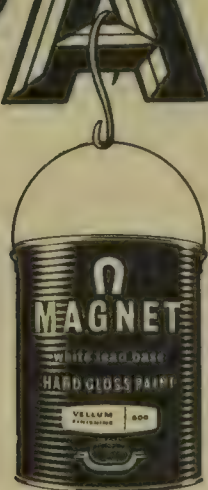
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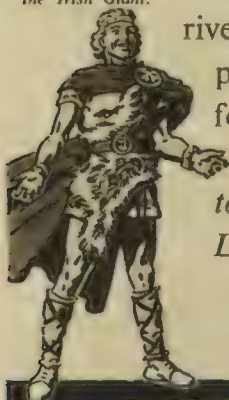
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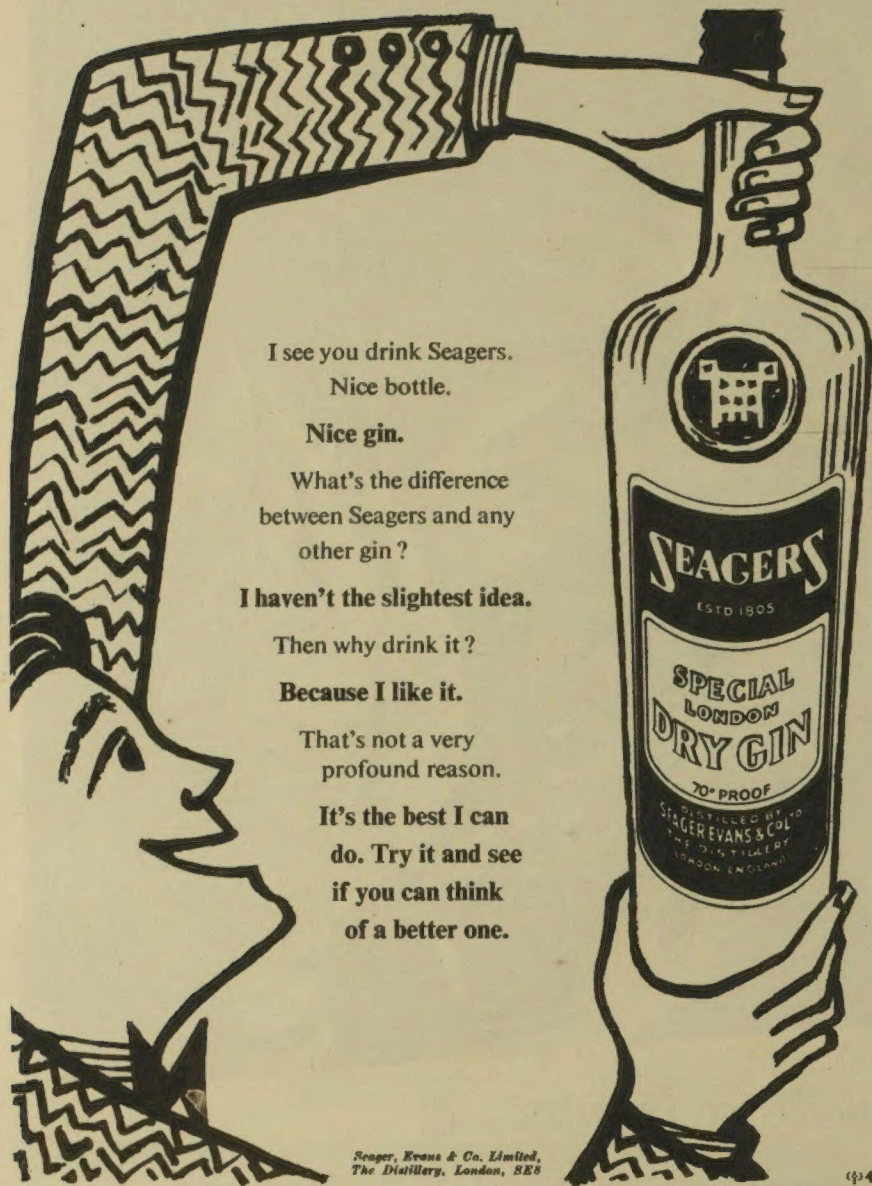


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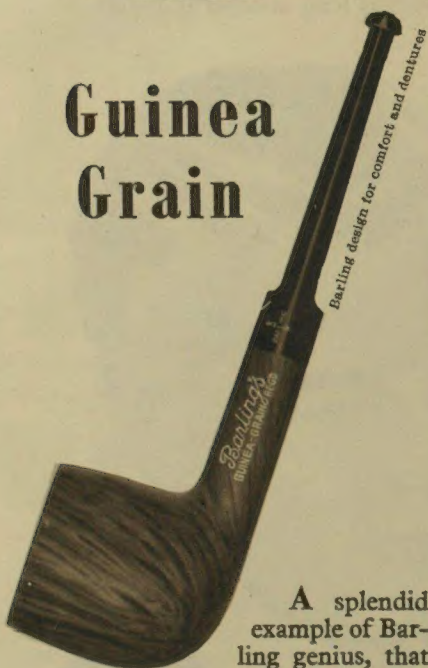
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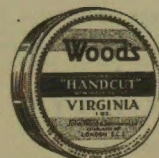
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